

The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review
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No 1.

The Lounger

IT IS NOT generally known that Gerhardt Hauptmann, the young German dramatist, is a confirmed nomad. Loving nothing more than work and the quiet of family life, he yet finds it impossible to remain long in any given place. Wherever he elects to reside he must have his own house, and, if none proves suitable, he thinks little of building according to his tastes and whims. In rapid succession Herr Hauptmann has established himself near Schreiberhau among his beloved Silesian Alps, at Grünewald in the environs of Berlin, at Agnetendorf, and, some months since, he again moved, settling this time in Dresden. It now appears that Herr Hauptmann has just completed a fantastic residence at Blasewitz on the Elbe not far from the Saxon capitol. The ornamental features of this new structure are all inspired by motifs from "The Sunken Bell." On the capitals, in the tympani, and dotted about the roof are carved figures, of "Nickelmann," "Rautendelein," and the wood sprites who gave such color to the most poetic and profoundly symbolical drama since "Peer Gynt."

It is futile to speculate whether or not Herr Hauptmann will be content to remain here in the latest version of

his fancy, from the windows of which he daily watches the sweep of the river, the heights of Pillnitz, and the towers of Albrechtsburg. He may stay or he may go, but in any event this restless spirit seems just now to hold in his keeping the future of the German drama. He alone of all his colleagues has proven that he has the courage to fail as well as to succeed.

December has been a good month for education. Thirty million dollars from Mrs. Stanford to the University of California and ten million dollars from Mr. Carnegie for a University at Washington! Mrs. Stanford's University is already an established fact. Mr. Carnegie's is still to be established, and it is not, as we are given to understand, to be a University in the sense that Harvard and Yale are Universities, but is to supplement the instruction of other universities. A man can take his degree at Harvard and Yale and take another from the Carnegie University, but, as I understand it, it is as a graduate of his first University that he declares himself before the world,—that he is still a Yale or a Harvard man. Mr. Carnegie has gone about his new enterprise in the right way. He never wants to make mistakes and

The Lounger

he usually takes precautions against so doing. In the present instance he has consulted all the leading educators in America, Professor Nicholas Murray Butler being his guide and philosopher from the start.



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Theo. C. Marceau

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

(Author of "The Unwelcome Mrs Hatch," now running at the Manhattan Theatre)

Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, who wrote the life of his friend Parnell, has performed a similar service for his friend the late Lord Russell of Killowen. The book (Longmans) abounds in anecdotes illustrative of Lord Russell's peculiarities. Here is one which shows that he was not always a pleasant person to call upon. The visitor is Mr. Y.:

Y.: How do you do, Sir Charles? I think I had the honor of meeting you with Lord —

R.: What do you want?

Y.: Well, Sir Charles, I have endeavored to state in my letter—

R.: Yes, I have your letter; and you write a very slovenly hand.

Y.: The fact is, Sir Charles, I wrote that letter in a hurry in your waiting-room.

R.: Not at all, not at all. You had plenty of time to write a legible note. No; you are careless. Go on.

Y.: Well, Sir Charles, a vacancy has occurred in—

R.: And you are very untidy in your appearance.

Y.: Well, I was travelling all night. I only—

R.: Nonsense! you had plenty of time to make yourself tidy. No; you are naturally careless about your appearance. Go on.

Y.: Well, Sir Charles, this vacancy has occurred in—

R.: And you are very fat.

Y.: Well, Sir Charles, that is hereditary, I am afraid. My father was very fat—

R.: Not at all. I knew your father well. He was n't fat. It's laziness.



There are only a few Harpers left in Franklin Square now, a number of them after the reorganization having turned their attention to other businesses, some in the old line, others in very different ones. Mr. James Thorne Harper, one of the best-remembered of the family,—for it was he who sat at the entrance gate to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest,—has just set up for himself. He was known as Captain Harper among his friends, and he certainly deserved the title if a military appearance counts for anything. The Captain was among the first to leave Franklin Square, but he is near the old place again. Together



From

Literature

MR. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

with Mr. Thomas Farrington, who has been for fifty years in the service of the Harpers, he has set up a general electrotyping business in Dover Street, next door to the place where J. & J. Harper started in business more than half a century ago.

24

What is the matter with Mr. Henley? Why is he always defaming the dead? Suppose he did have a quarrel with his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson; why did n't he have it out with him before he died? Why did he wait until he was in his grave before calling him names? It is a great pity that Mr. Henley should do this sort of thing. He has n't hurt Stevenson in the least, but he has hurt himself. If he had said that Stevenson was not a saint and that some of his admirers were hysterical in their attitude towards him one might have agreed with him, but when

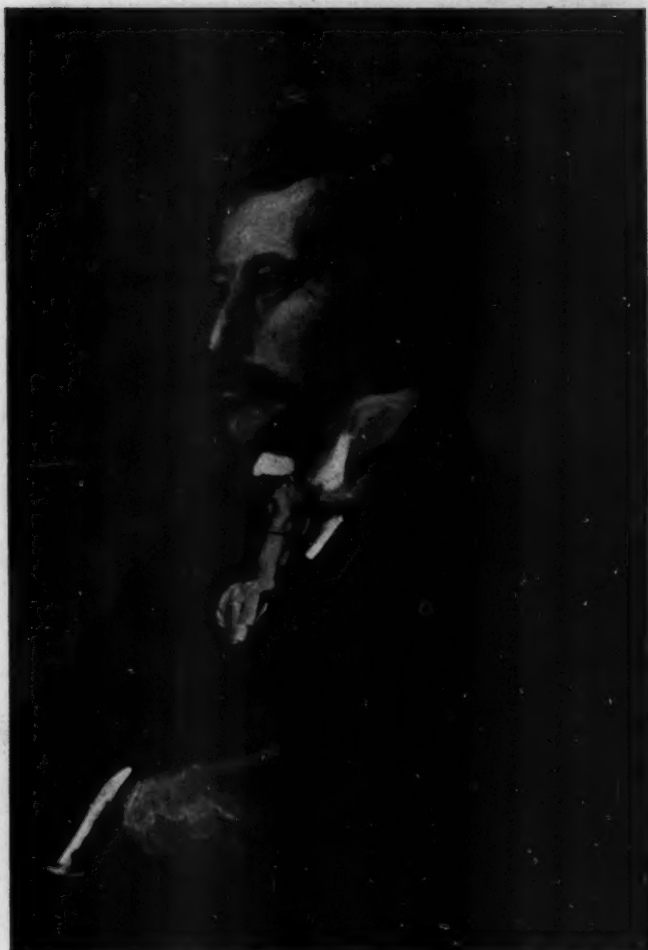
he comes out and brands as vain, deceitful, and hypocritical, a man whom we care for as much as we do for Stevenson, we are disgusted. If Mr. Henley wrote the article to attract attention to himself he has succeeded, for since his paper appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* it has been the subject of hot discussion both in America and England. Mr. Henley has been interviewed, but he sticks to his guns. He quotes Bishop Berkeley: "They say. What say they? Let them say." Mr. Henley seems to think that the criticisms of his actions are not worth the trouble of replying to. Perhaps he has nothing to say,—certainly nothing in extenuation. If Mr. Stevenson were alive and could answer his friend's charges he would not do so, of course, but he would do "a heap of thinking." I should not like to be thought of by anyone as Mr. Henley would be thought of by him.



MR. JAN KUBELIK

The *Evening Sun* devotes an entertaining editorial to the papers by Mr. Andrew Lang and Miss Agnes Morton, published in the November number of THE CRITIC. The writer for the *Evening Sun* notices what Mr. Lang and Miss Morton say on the subject of reviewing and adds its own suggestion, which is, "if reviewers would only refrain from reading books perhaps they would entertain a more kindly feeling toward them." I am sorry to say that there are undoubtedly a great many who pursue this method, but not always with this result.

Jan Kubelik has come and played and conquered. He is not yet a Wilhelmj, but he may be by the time he is ten years older. He has all the hall-marks of genius and a facility that is little less than magical. He has big tones, too, and a delicacy like that of the playing of fairies on cobweb strings. In build Kubelik is slight. His chest is narrow and he stoops as he walks on and off the stage with little mincing steps. His manner is modest, almost shy, but he does not appear to be the least bit self-conscious.



Courtesy of

Knoedler & Co.

EDUARD ZELDENRUST

(From the portrait by Josef Israels)

It is with more truth than usually accompanies such characterizations that Eduard Zeldenrust is called the "Dutch Rubinstein." Though he is unlike Rubinstein in many respects he resembles him in one—the chief point—in his mastery over the keyboard. Zeldenrust is now in this country on an extended concert tour, having recently made a successful début with the Cincinnati Orchestra. His delight in New York is tinged by timidity and by naïveté. He fears sky-scrapers

and adores fire-engines; indeed, the next best thing after hearing Zeldenrust play the piano is to watch him pursue a fire-engine. The accompanying portrait of Zeldenrust was painted by his friend, Josef Israels, the *doyen* of Dutch artists. Though more notable for its freedom of execution than for its fidelity to the sitter, it nevertheless affords a spirited version of the young pianist, who will shortly make his appearance in New York with the Kneisel Quartette.

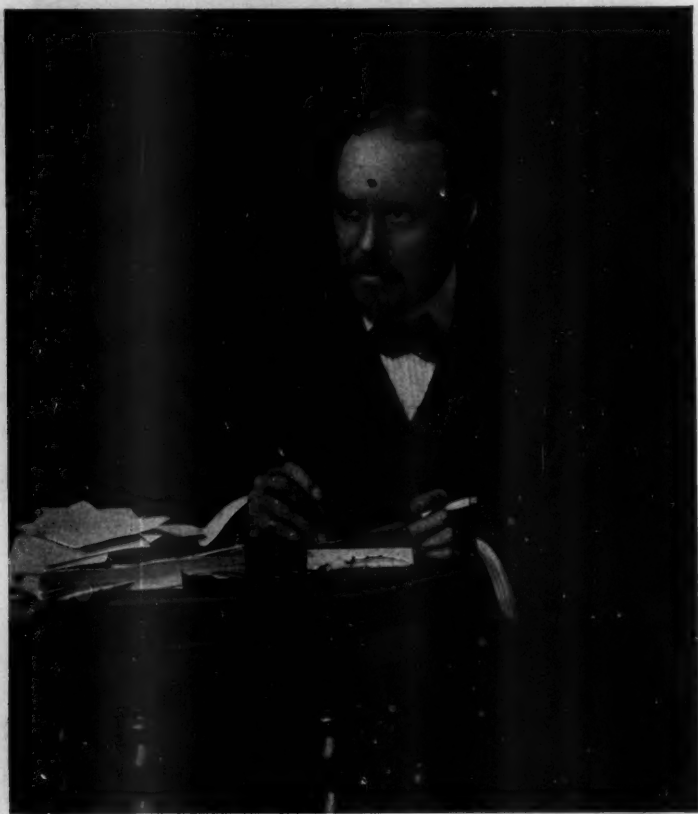


Photo by

Frank Forfey

MR. HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER VIELÉ

Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, the author of those two delightful books, "The Inn of the Silver Moon" and "The Last of the Knickerbockers," comes of Dutch and Huguenot stock, his ancestors having been among the first settlers of New York. His grandmother was one of the "Knickerbockers of Schaghticoke," made famous in the preface to the History, and it was through the friendship of Irving for this family that the name became a generic one for the New York Dutch. He received a scientific education and adopted the profession of his father, General Egbert L. Vielé, who has been for many years distinguished as a civil engineer. His profession has taken him to many odd corners of the coun-

try, and he has been domiciled and domesticated in towns enough to make a time-table. When little more than a boy he gave up routine work for a time and struck out for Leadville on his own account. He spent two years in the mountains mining and prospecting, and, having a good basis of scientific knowledge, was not unsuccessful. He had always been fond of sketching and soon found his work in demand for reproduction in countless prospectuses. Here, too, he did his first literary work. Mr. Vielé's last and chief engineering work was the extension of the city of Washington, which occupied six years and involved several million dollars. It was at the time of the successful completion of this enterprise that he

came into an inheritance that removed the necessity for profitable employment and he promptly retired from business. Since then he has travelled more or less every year. Mr. Vielé's brother, Francis Vielé-Griffin, lives in France, and is, I believe, the only Anglo-Saxon who has received the Red Ribbon as a writer of French verse. He is, in a way, a leader among the younger French writers, and his château on the Loire is a rendezvous for the Symbolists and those who rally around the *Mercur de France*.



Since its December 7th number, *Harper's Weekly* has borne the name of George Harvey as editor. Mr. Harvey has dropped the initials B. M. in assuming editorial control. Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, who was editor of the *Weekly* after Mr. Nelson, still writes for it, but is now more intimately connected with the book department of Harper's publishing business. Mr. Harvey has more or less changed the appearance of the *Weekly*; he has added many pages and enlarged the scale of illustration. Special articles are not signed,

but we are told at the head of the editorial column who the contributors to the number are.



Miss Margaret Horton Potter, the author of that very clever novel, "The House of De Mailly," is twenty years of age and she has already written four books. She has another just finished called "Istar of Babylon" which is said to be the most original of any book that she has written. Her publishers announce the approaching marriage of Miss Potter to Mr. John Donald Black of Chicago.



Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne has just published a book of sea adventures called "The Derelict" through Messrs. Lewis, Scribner, & Co. Mr. Hyne, who is the inventor of Captain Kettle, is a great traveller. He counts a year as lost if during its twelve months he has not covered at least ten thousand miles of new country. This picture of Mr. Hyne was taken in his study at Oak Vale, near Bradford, England.



MR. CUTCLIFFE HYNE
(In his library at Oak Vale)



MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

Never in all the years that I have been more or less connected with the publishing business have I seen so many books published as within the last year. There has been absolutely no cessation. Usually in the summer there is a letting-up, but last summer there was hardly a publishing house in New York that did not issue books with almost as much rapidity as in the fall and winter. Of course, since September a great many more books have been published. Not only hundreds, but thousands.

I was speaking with a publisher on the subject to-day, and he groaned over the enormous output, although he was one of the greatest sinners in this respect. When he mentioned the subject of novels he groaned an even

deeper groan and said, with a melancholy tremble in his voice, that the question of novels was getting to be appalling, that ever since the era of record-breaking had set in, every publisher was publishing a great deal more than was his custom, in hopes of striking a bonanza; and added that he was publishing books that a few years ago he would have thrown down without hesitation. There is no chance for a novel to-day, he argued, unless it has something striking about it. He gave as an instance a story that he published last year and which had a sale of some twenty thousand copies or more. This year he published quite as good a story by the same author, and he does not believe it will sell ten thousand copies, and this because of the enormous quantity of novels on the market.



Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, who made so successful a play for Mr. Sothorn on the life of François Villon, has written a novel on the same subject, which is published by R. H. Russell. The life of Villon, without any embellishments, is sufficiently romantic to make a novel, and Mr. McCarthy would not have to go far for all the material he wants. It has been truly said that nothing succeeds like success. Mr. McCarthy's play, "If I Were King," has proved so great a success that every actor and manager in the country wants a play from his pen. He may make another as good as his Villon play, and he may not. The chances are that he will, for he knows the stage intimately and he is a writer, and not only a writer but a prose writer with a poetic touch.



One of the successful of recent novels is "Bagsby's Daughter," by Miss Marie Van Vorst and Mrs. John Van Vorst, her sister-in-law. The book is published by Messrs. Harper, and has not only been well received in this country but has been exceptionally well received in England. The father of Miss Van Vorst and the father-in-law of Mrs. Van Vorst was the late Judge Van

Vorst of this city, who was supposed to have done as much as anyone towards breaking up the Tweed ring. He was a judge of the Superior and Supreme Courts, Chancellor of the State of New York, President of the Century Club, and founder of the Holland Society.

28

"Bagsby's Daughter" is not a serious effort. It was something of an experiment, but has proven a successful one. The story was written in France and sent to America for publication. It ran through *Harper's Bazar* and was finally published in book form. One would not suspect either of the authors of doing this sort of work. What they have done heretofore is much more serious in its character. Miss Van Vorst has just completed a novel called "The Sacrifice of Fools," which Messrs. Harper will publish in the spring. It is a very different story from "Bagsby's Daughter." Miss Van Vorst is now in this country, but she will return immediately to France, where she and her sister-in-law make their home.

29

Apropos of "J. P. M.," a reader of THE CRITIC writes:

I have only just read in your "Lounger" that the Cleveland (Ohio) *Spectator* declares J. P. Mowbray, the author of "A Journey to Nature," to be no other than Andrew C. Wheeler, who "whilom did marke" in the pen name of "Nym Crinkle." Many a time, since I first saw "A Journey to Nature" in the New York *Evening Post*, has the suspicion occurred to me that this very thing might be so, and here (omitting certain names) are the facts which excited my suspicion:—

In September, 1898, a certain musical weekly was published in Union Square, the founder, proprietor, and editor being a veteran of musical journalism. Among the contributions received at the office in Union Square, by far the best were those signed "J. P. M." The editor was requested to send checks for these to J. P. Mowbray, care of the New York *Evening Post*. "But," said this veteran of many periodical enterprises, speaking to himself at first, and later to all those about him, "but these things remind me of my old friend, A. C. Wheeler, to whom I have not spoken this long

time." And at last, reading one superlatively rich bit of "J. P. M.," he exclaimed, "This is either Wheeler or the devil."



MISS MARIE VAN VORST

With his curiosity most fully aroused, the veteran editor wrote to J. P. Mowbray asking "J. P. M." to call at the Union Square office and allow his acquaintance to be made there; but he was coy and did not come. Then the editor went down to Fulton Street and learned Mr. Mowbray's address,—for at that time, at least, if not now, there really was a Mr. J. P. Mowbray connected with the New York *Evening Post*. Going, one Sunday afternoon, to this address, the editor was shown into a sitting-room where, first, he recognized the portrait of A. C. Wheeler on the wall, and, later, he was welcomed by a lady whom he had formerly known as a little girl. What with the framed portrait on the wall and the living family likeness in the lady, circumstantial evidence had now grown too strong for even the coyness of "J. P. M.," so far as concerned the office in Union Square. Mr. Wheeler renewed friendly intercourse with the veteran editor, frequently calling at the

The Critic

office after that, and occasionally railing at printers and proofreaders in the most amicable way. But even to the last of the paper—which did not survive that year by many weeks—his contributions were never signed otherwise than "J. P. M."



It would be difficult to name any contemporary writer better equipped for the task of depicting the eternal conflict between Man-God and God-

and Anti-Christ." The first volume, called "The Death of the Gods," has already achieved success, both in Russian and in the English version translated by Mr. Herbert Trench, and published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The second volume, known as "The Resurrection of the Gods," and treating of Leonardo da Vinci, is now in press for early publication.



DMITRI MÉREJKOWSKI

Man, between Apollo Belvedere and Christ, than Dmitri Mérejkowski. A subtle and scholarly translator of the classics, a richly equipped student of the Renaissance, and an accurate historian of modern times, Mérejkowski has fused his learning and his imagination into the trilogy entitled "Christ

In order to acquire the proper local color for the last volume of the trilogy, the central figure of which will be Peter the Great, Mérejkowski and his beautiful wife, Zenaïde Heppins, the poetess, have been living on the scene of many of the master builder's struggles and triumphs.

Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses" will be produced by Mr. Beerbohm Tree at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, early in the year. Calypso will be played by Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter.



Mr. Ralph Fletcher Seymour of the Fine Arts Building, Chicago, has made

Mrs. Laura E. Richards comes of a talented family. She is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe and the late Samuel Howe and her home is in Boston. Mrs. Richards has written a great many books, the most of them for children, and all have been successful. Her latest story, "Geoffrey Strong," is for older people, and has met with all the

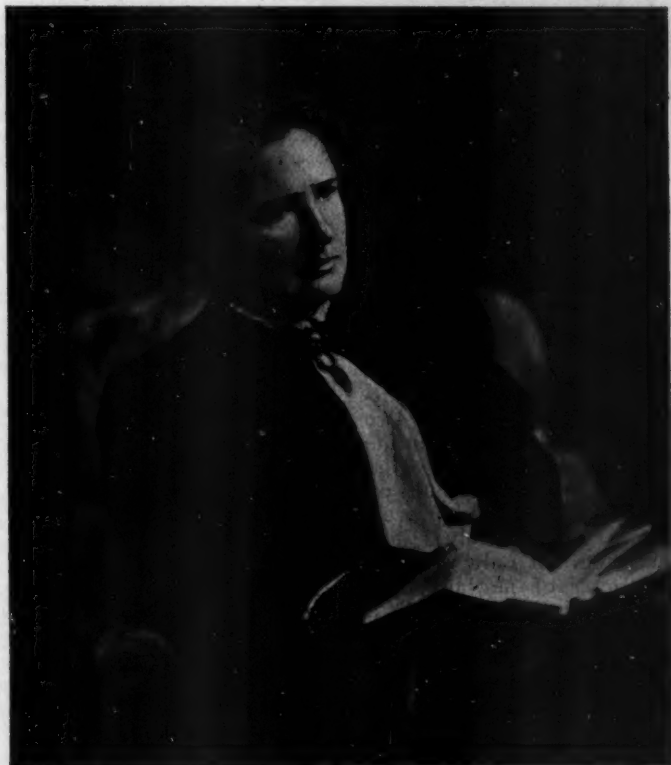


Photo by

MRS. LAURA E. RICHARDS

Reynolds

a beautiful book of Milton's "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," published in the December number of THE CRITIC. The inside of the cover and the opposite fly-leaf are of gold with black decoration and the whole poem is printed in black and red on hand-made deckle-edge paper. Mr. Seymour is doing splendid work and I am proud that THE CRITIC had the distinction of printing so much of it in its Christmas number.

success of her juveniles. I am indebted to her publishers, Messrs. Dana, Estes, & Co. for this admirable portrait of Mrs. Richards.



Some time ago long names were the fashion for books. Now the other extreme seems to be in favor. I find "Ugly" the name of one book, "Dumb" the name of another. Do you suppose that the names describe the heroes or heroines of these stories?



MISS PEABODY

Miss Josephine Preston Peabody, whose dramatic poem, "Marlowe," has brought her many compliments, was for two years in the English Department of Radcliffe and is now giving two courses at Wellesley, having taken the place of Miss Vida D. Scudder. Miss Peabody's drama is a tragedy built on Elizabethan lines. It is not, however, without humor. Miss Peabody is thoroughly acquainted, not only with the life and character of Marlowe, but with his time, and she has made a drama which will add much to her reputation. She is a young woman, as her portrait shows, and will do more good work before she is much older.



It is illustrative of the wide gap still existing in our prided familiarity with contemporary English authors worthy of note, that with "Sons of the Sword," a stirring Napoleonic romance, just published by McClure, Phillips & Co., the name of Margaret L. Woods should first challenge general attention in this country. It is ten years and more since Mrs. Woods's first book, "A Village Tragedy," and a little volume of lyrics obtained for her the recognition of men whose critical opinions rule the day in England. Her "Village

Tragedy" has been published here, with other of her works, works certainly of an unforgettable quality, and Mr. Mosher has done his best to bring her exquisite verse within our reach, but her name, until now, has been little heard in libraries and bookshops. Mrs. Woods herself furnishes this amusing account of her literary career:

In 1887, the year in which the "Village Tragedy" appeared, my husband became head of his college at Oxford. The life of an official lady—as the French put it—under modern conditions, especially if she is also the mother of a family, is about as favorable to a literary career as that of a bishop. It is by itself a severe strain on any delicate woman. Nevertheless, I published in 1891 "Esther Vanhomrigh." I could not have written it if I had not had a good knowledge of the eighteenth century, acquired by general reading in earlier years with a view to writing; and also if circumstances had not taken me away from Oxford for a whole term. In 1894 I published "The Vagabonds," a novel of circus life. I had here the disadvantage of a personal knowledge, of which my critics were for the most part wholly innocent. The respectability of my circus people shocked all their conventional ideas, and they declared my circus to be the "baseless fabric of a vision." It was some time after I had written "The Vagabonds" that I came across the Goncourt's book about show people in France; and was amused to read how much his acrobatic heroes were bored by the vulgar respectability of their colleagues in England. I never copy a character from life, but "The Vagabonds" was not written without knowledge of the *milieu*. In 1898 I published a volume of short stories under the title "Weeping Ferry." I published a poetical play, "Wild Justice," and a very



MRS. WOODS

small volume of poems, "Aëromancy," in the Shilling Garland Series, edited by Mr. Lawrence Binyon in 1896. In the end of 1897 my husband resigned the headship of his college, which he had held with great success for nearly eleven years. I had then two years of complete holiday, of which I spent one in mending broken health, the other in writing "Sons of the Sword" and some poetry, which I hope will also see the light sometime.

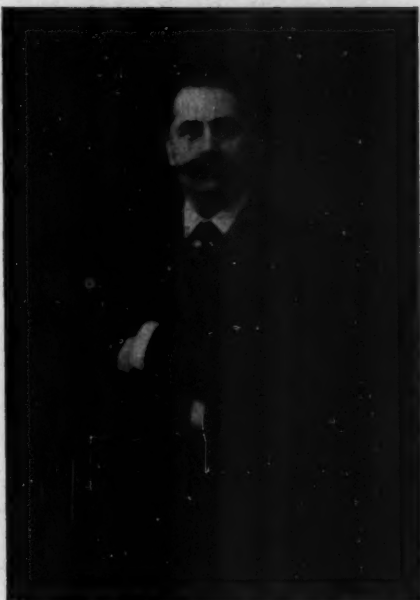


Professor Léopold Mabillean, corresponding member of the Institute of France, Director of the Musée Social of Paris, Officer of the Legion of Honor, comes to this country early in January to deliver a course of lectures in French on Contemporary French Society, before the Boston and Cambridge Group of the Alliance Française. Professor Mabillean is one of the most distinguished French lecturers ever brought to this country. He is a man of cultivation, of great personal charm, of courtly manners, and especially gifted as a lecturer. He is a professor in the Collège de France, has had a special chair founded for him at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métier and is frequently sent on missions by the French Government to Italy, Spain, and Germany.

He is an author of note, several of his most important works having been crowned by the Institute of France. A very brilliant book by him is that on Victor Hugo. He writes for the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris*, and the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. His tour in this country will be a short one, as he returns to Paris as soon after his Boston lectures as the few engagements he has accepted in the different universities will permit him.



The subject of the author's agent seems to be one about which authors and publishers are never tired of writing. In the October number of the *Author*, Mr. Heinemann came out flat-footed against the agent, whom he was opposed to on several grounds: from the point of view of the publisher, of the author, and of literature. In the November number of the *Author*,



M. LÉOPOLD MABILLEAU

several writers come to the rescue of the agent and say in effect that no author can be happy without him. Mrs. Craigie, who has just put herself into the hands of Mr. A. P. Watt, is one of the most enthusiastic in his praise. She terms Mr. Heinemann's remark that "the agent makes authors greedy" as nonsense. She says, "This snobbish attitude in the matter of an artist and his fees was never found at any time among the distinguished," and she goes on to say: "I take it that of all peculiar signs of commonness in an artist this one of prattling about the indignity of accepting money for art is the most striking. I have never met a person with such insincere views who did not live on the complaining generosity of acquaintances and friends."

It seems to me that the subject is one that is hardly worth discussing. To some authors the agent is a boon; to some publishers he is not. If an author does not want to be bothered with the cares of business he had better put his affairs in the hands of an agent. If he is a good business man he might

as well attend to them himself. The agent is neither all a saint nor all a sinner. He is usually a practical business man who often makes more money for the author than the author could make for himself.

Mr. Isaac Henderson, author of "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," produced in London by Mr. Wyndham, is an American by birth, and a Roman by residence. He wrote, some years

as did William Hamilton Gibson. The simplicity of style as well as the charm of his pen-and-ink illustrations won for him a following large in number and sincere in its admiration.

It is pleasant to note that a biography of Mr. Gibson has recently appeared. The biographer is the Rev. John Coleman Adams, himself a nature student and writer, whose "Nature Studies in Berkshire" attracted pleasant attention. The book is entitled,



THE GUNNERY, WASHINGTON, CONNECTICUT
(Drawn by William Hamilton Gibson)

ago, a novel entitled "Agatha Page," a dramatic version of which was afterwards produced. Mr. Henderson, says the London *Chronicle*, has many friends among literary people in both England and America, and his charming apartment in Rome is very well known to English-speaking visitors to the Eternal City. Like Mr. Burnand, Mr. Henderson is at once a playwright and a devotee. He is to be found much less often at a theatre in Rome than in St. Peter's.

There have been few interpreters of nature, laborers with either the pen or the brush, who have so reached the hearts of lay lovers of the great Mother

"William Hamilton Gibson: Artist—Naturalist—Author." It contains reproductions of many of the paintings by Mr. Gibson which have not heretofore been widely known, and tells with sympathy of his life and work in the Connecticut hill country.

"Electra," Señor Galdos's anti-clerical drama, which has been the cause of riots in Spain and South America, will be produced at the Criterion Theatre next fall by Miss Marlowe. Its anti-clerical motive will be eliminated, but its intense love story left unimpaired. An exhaustive review of this play and its influence, by Mr. Havellock Ellis, appeared in September last.



From
D'ANNUNZIO AND GARIBALDI CHANGE PLACES
Guerin Meschino

Mrs. Humphry Ward is writing a new novel, which will run serially in *Harper's Magazine*. "Eleanor," which ran serially in that periodical, is the most popular book that Mrs. Ward has written since "Robert Elsmere." It was announced that Henry Harland's new novel, "The Lady Paramount," was also to run through *Harper's* during the new year, but this, I understand, is not true. It was true when the announcement was made. But for some reason or other—whether because Messrs. Harper could not have book rights or what, I do not know—Mr. John Lane, who is to publish the book, tells me that Mr. Harland had decided

not to publish it serially, believing that serial publication rather hurts than helps a novel. Mr. Harland is all wrong, for some of the most successful novels that have been published first ran as serials, and in magazines with large circulations, too. We need go no further back than "Trilby," and for more modern instances there is "To Have and To Hold," "Janice Meredith," and "The Helmet of Navarre." As far as I can find out, serial publication has no effect one way or another upon the sale of the book. It all depends upon the book. Hall Caine publishes his novels serially, and they have enormous sales; Marie Corelli's novels are not serialized, and they have enormous sales. It is just as it happens. There is no rule in this, as in many other cases where rules are supposed to be cast iron.

22

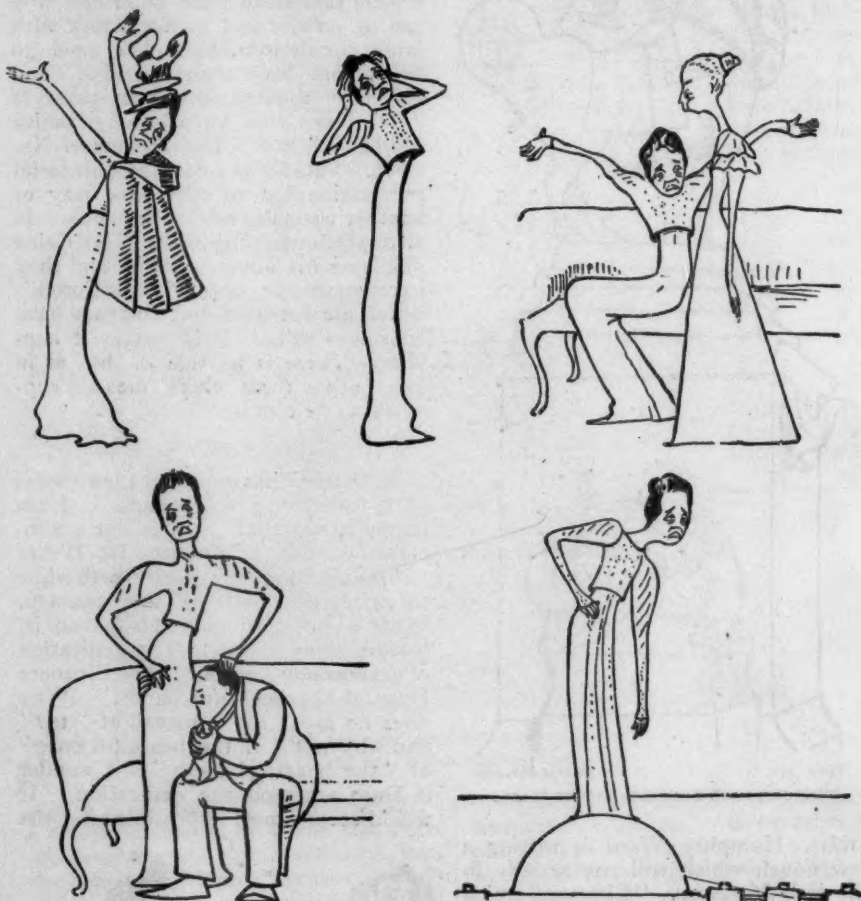
Mr. Russell has imported a few copies of D'Annunzio's "Gioconda." I am happy to say that there is not a sufficient audience in America for D'Annunzio's writings to make it worth while to print the book in this country. What an affected man this Italian is, besides being odious! The dedication of "Gioconda" reads: "For Eleonore Duse of the beautiful hands." Why does he say "for" instead of "to?" and why not "of the beautiful nose" or "the beautiful teeth"? I wonder if Duse accepted the dedication. It would seem almost impossible after the



From
LA DUSE AND ZACCONI
("La Gioconda," Act I)
Guerin Meschino

portrait that he painted of her in "Il Fuoco." D'Annunzio is said to write the most beautiful Italian now written in Italy. Perhaps he does, but one

tion of D'Annunzio's tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini." This is not so important as the fact that Duse and Salvini were in the cast. It is said



From

LA DUSE AT THE THEATRO DEI FILO-DRAMMATICI

Guerin Meschino

would not think so, judging him by his translators. There is nothing remarkable about the language as put into English. But I know that it is the fashion to commend the style when an author's other qualities are unspeakable.

Rome has just seen the first produc-

tion of these two great artists will be seen together in America, but Messrs. Liebler, under whose management Mme. Duse is to appear in this country next year, have made no arrangement with Salvini, though I dare say they would be very glad to do so.





From

"THE CITY OF THE DEAD," ACT I
(La Duse and Zacconi)

Guerin Meschino



From

"LA GIOCONDA"

Guerin Meschino

(D'Annunzio saluted by the Shades of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Terence, Plautus, Goldoni, Niccolini, Alfieri, etc.)



Ballade of Beaucaire

By BEATRICE HANSCOM

BACK in the days when belles and beaux
Still called their porters and their chair,
When Nash, in autocratic pose,
Ruled o'er the Pump-room revels there,
You came to Bath, Monsieur Beaucaire,
As barber-gamester, yet you chose
To masque as Duke of far No-where,—
All for the crimson of a rose.

Gaily you chaffed that worst of foes,
The titled cheat you held in snare ;
Softly you sued till Heart-of-Snows
Warmed into love's own spring-time fair.
Then came the onslaught. Debonair,
Brave, and keen-skilled you fought till close,
Though where your waistcoat showed a tear,
Blossomed the crimson of a rose.

Taunted and scorned. Yet bitterer blows
My Lady Mary had to bear,
As at the last Fate did disclose
How proud a name was yours to wear,
When, facing all the candles' flare,
She saw die out love's roseate glows,
While to the fiddles' wandering air
Crumbled the crimson of a rose.

ENVOY

Prince—with a score of names to spare—
Strange are the truths the masquer knows.
Strange what a man will do—and dare—
Just for the crimson of a rose.



John Richard Green

By GEORGE LOUIS BEER

IT is with some feeling of moral trepidation that one opens a volume of biography or a collection of letters. We wonder whether we are again to be forced to listen at the key-hole, and to feel ashamed not alone for those who are responsible for the publication, but for ourselves as well, at reading and thus countenancing the disclosure of things sacred. This book* is, however, a welcome exception to many recent volumes. It contains nothing that Green himself would have objected to the world seeing.

It was at Mrs. Green's earnest request, despite his slight acquaintance with the historian, that Leslie Stephen undertook the task, and throughout he relied on her assistance for biographical information which she alone could furnish. To a greater extent than appears, the book is published under their joint auspices; both should receive the guerdon of model editorship. The editorial work consisted in dividing the letters into several parts, corresponding to the period of life in which Green wrote them. Each division is introduced by a few pages explaining Green's career during the years in question. Then Mr. Stephen guides the reader's path by many useful annotations. And finally, and most important of all, the letters are occasionally printed only in part, the purely personal matter being wisely omitted. The majority of the letters are addressed to Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins, the geologist, and to Prof. E. A. Freeman, the historian, while scattered throughout the collection are letters to

Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. Creighton, Miss Kate Norgate, as well as to others. The collection is not complete, though not so fragmentary that it does not give us a very clear picture of a most interesting character, one that fully bears out Tennyson's description of Green, "a jolly, vivid man,—as vivid as lightning."

Green was born at Oxford in 1837. His origin was humble, and his childhood was gloomy. Even his university career was unhappy, for his broad mind rebelled against the narrow spirit of his college. Like Lowell, he was from the standpoint of his teachers a failure. He would not, and perhaps could not, force himself to study subjects that did not interest him; and he was repelled by the method of teaching the subjects which did interest him. He educated himself by deep and promiscuous reading, gaining a broad though not systematic knowledge of geology, history, architecture, and literature. His nature was very emotional, ever open to æsthetic and religious influences. Though deeply religious, he was not satisfied with the current theological doctrines. At this time he gave expression to the following views: "I have been naughty as to work lately—reading Goethe and Schiller instead of Paley and Pearson—I know from which one learns the *truest* theology." His views were, however, not so radical, nor so well defined, as to make the adoption of a clerical career inconsistent with honesty. In fact to him, as to many other impecunious scholars, a position in the Church offered great advantages. Scholarship owes a heavy debt of

*"Letters of John Richard Green." Edited by Leslie Stephen. Macmillan. \$4.00.

gratitude to the Established Church. As a clergyman, Green saw that he could gain an income and at the same time have enough leisure for literary work, without being driven "to toadyism or hackwork." Half-seriously he writes: "No—a fig for fame—a cozy vicarage, a heap of books, a good pen, and a deluge of paper, and I could be as happy as a king."

His first curacy—under the Rev. Henry Ward, the father of Mr. Humphry Ward—was in the East End of London. The squalid surroundings, the misery and vice, called forth the best in Green's manhood. He devoted himself unremittingly to bettering the lot of the people whose spiritual leader he had become. Nor was his enthusiasm dampened or his devotion lessened by his clear recognition of the fact that success could be only partial and superficial, as the root of the evil lay far beneath the surface. His personal influence was great, especially among the ragged urchins who idolized him. As a preacher he was a great success, being natural and eloquent. He recognized that in its essence preaching was "an appeal to the feelings," and "that the force of this appeal can only come from a power of sympathy." "The frank mingling with all the joys and sorrows of men and women about him," he maintained, "is the real training of a preacher." His years in London are a record of unselfish, sympathetic, and, at times, of even heroic devotion to the welfare of the poorer classes. It was from these experiences in East London that he gained that sympathy with the masses which led him to write his history of the English people.

While actively engaged in clerical work, he spent his mornings in the British Museum reading history. During these years also he was a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review*, thus adding to his small income as clergyman,—an income which never could satisfy the charitable demands made upon it. Referring to this period of his life, he wrote at a much later date:

It was a strange life, half with Patrick [he intended writing a life of St. Patrick] and the great Library, half in the wretched purlieus of Clerkenwell and St. Luke's; but I felt all through that each helped the other—and so it has turned out.

In 1869, owing in the main to ill-health, but to some extent also to lack of sympathy with the prevailing theological views, he gave up his active clerical duties. His mind had acquired that broad, well-balanced, impartial attitude that only a study of history gives. He was intensely Christian, but not Anglican. The universal basis of Christianity is brilliantly expounded in one of his letters:

I see no limit to this progress in "religion." It is on the very idea of progress that my faith, my deep and intense faith in Christianity, rests. Like you I see other religions—the faith of the heathen or the faith of the Jew—doing their part in the education of the human race, and I see the Race advancing beyond the faiths that instructed it, so that at each great advance of human thought a religion falls dead and vanishes away. And I judge that this must ever be a condition of human progress, except some religion appear which can move forward with the progress of man. There comes a religion which does this. . . . This is Christianity. . . . Think how various were the "needs" of St. Louis and Luther—yet Christianity could meet and satisfy both."

The historical note in this justification is predominant; in fact it was Green's most marked intellectual characteristic. Truth was what he was continually striving for. Referring to a common friend, he wrote to W. Boyd Dawkins:

He has fought for the Truth, and the Truth has made him free from the petty cares and troubles of lives like ours. Nevertheless we have our work to do,—Truth in History—Truth in Geology. Each is but a part of that great circle of the Truth of God.

Henceforth he devoted himself exclusively to historical work, until his untimely end in 1883 cut off a career of great accomplishments, but of still greater possibilities.

When he left Oxford, Green had the full purpose of becoming the historian of the Church of England. He felt that few were better fitted than was he

by the historical tendency, the predominant feeling of reverence, the moderation, even the want of logic or enthusiasm in their minds, for the task of describing a church founded in the past, yet capable of wondrous adaptation to the needs of the present, the creature of repeated compromises, essentially sober, yet essentially illogical.

As he read and thought, difficulties presented themselves. He could not "fetter down" the word "Church" to merely the Established branch, and in consequence after the Reformation all historic unity disappeared. Besides, he could not "describe the Church from the purely external and formal point of view taken by the general class of ecclesiastical historians." Its history was to him "the narrative of Christian civilisation." To arrive at a knowledge of this he would have "to investigate the progress of thought, of religion, of liberty, even the material progress of England." No existing history helped him; all were based on narrow foundations. Thus Green decided to abandon this plan, as he would first have "to discover the History of England" and then to embody his results in a work on a narrower subject. By a natural development and growth he thus conceived the plan of writing a history of the English people on a large scale. He proposed, as a first instalment of this work, to publish a history of England under the Angevin kings, an account "of the final formation of the English people, and the final settlement of English liberty and the English Constitution."

The unsatisfactory physical condition that caused his retirement from active clerical work induced him at the same time to modify the ambitious scale on which his history was planned. He then determined to write a "Short History," which, as he says, "might serve as an introduction to better things if I lived, and might stand for some work done if I did not." For five years—from 1869 to 1874—he devoted himself to this work, proceeding on original lines, as indicated in the letter quoted above, and against the advice of some of his intimate friends, such as Freeman. The ordinary political

history, with its long array of kings, soldiers, and priests, meant nothing to him. It did not explain anything. "With me," he writes, "the impulse to try to connect things, to find the 'why' of things, is irresistible." "One must strive," he says in another letter, "to get something like order out of that mere chaos of early history as your Lappenbergs write it." He would not write a chronicle, for he maintained that to divide by kings is "a system whereby History is made Tory unawares, and infants are made to hate History." Facts that had no historical value he purposely omitted. "Moral and intellectual facts" he thought "as much facts for the historian as military and political facts." The social side of historical progress interested him most; the chapters in his work that he thought most valuable were those on "The Towns," "The Peasant Revolt," and "The New Learning." The underlying doctrine of his conception of history was "that political history, to be intelligible and just, must be based on social history in its largest sense."

It has often been asked whether or no history is literature. The two extremes in opinion are represented by Treitschke, who regarded history as one of the three great subdivisions of literature, and Seeley, to whom at best history could be but an inferior branch of literature. Green certainly inclined towards the Prussian historian's view. The past appealed to him in an æsthetic sense, perhaps even more than in a scientific one. His letter to Miss Norgate, advising her how to write her projected history of Angevin England, shows how keen was his interest in the artistic treatment of the material. As Leslie Stephen says, "An intense delight in the beautiful was one of his most conspicuous qualities." To him, history was a work of art, the material for which was sifted on scientific principles. His cardinal doctrine was that a book, "whatsoever else it be, must first be readable." From this it will be apparent that Green did not look upon history as a social science. In fact, he took no

determined stand on any of the fundamental questions of social evolution that are vexing the minds of modern historians. As he himself says, he had an aversion to abstract thought. His history is in its essence descriptive; it is a series of pictures illustrating the growth and progress of civilization in England.

The "Short History" was published in 1874 and met with a success that can be compared to that following the appearance of Macaulay's "England." The original features of the work were the arrangement of the material on philosophical and not on chronological lines, and the inclusion of much matter generally omitted. Roger Bacon, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wesley, appeared side by side with king and priest, as the representatives of great national forces. It was the first history of English civilization, and is a landmark in English historiography. The "pragmatic historians" attacked the book, and called attention to the inaccuracies which were inevitable in a book covering so large a field, and written under very disadvantageous circumstances. In general, however, scientific opinion has coincided with that of the general public, in pronouncing Green's history, from the literary and from the scientific standpoint, the most satisfactory history of England that we have.

The friendship binding Freeman and Green, of which we gain some knowledge from this book, was as true as any celebrated in the annals of literature, and does credit to both men. Their common tie was the love of truth; yet they approached their work from radically different standpoints. A friendship that can stand the strain of the frankest criticism of one another's work is notable. Green frankly told Freeman that he did not approve of the omission in his work of all social factors. Referring to Freeman's treatment of the Norman Church, he wrote: "I wish your Church wasn't so Bishopry; there be priests, deacons, and lay people besides, you know." Then again he chides Freeman on the same matter:

I own that your indifference to all that free life of Italy jarred on me through that pleasant tour of ours; . . . I found that with all your architectural devotion you could still find room for enthusiasm whenever an Emperor came on the stage. . . . It was only when you stood before some memorial of the people that you took refuge in your sketching book. And yet to my mind a crowd of Florentines shouting themselves hoarse on their Piazza are a greater and nobler thing than all the Emperors that ever breathed.

Nor would he countenance the severity of the campaign Freeman carried on against Froude and Kingsley.

I do wish, my dear Freeman, you would leave off poking at Kingsley and his Dierich. Have you ever counted up the number of your references to that said blunder? And ought there not to be some proportion between sin and punishment? "Blunders" was very good; but there are blunders of taste as well as blunders of fact, you know.

To the historian the work will have additional interest, as it contains many anecdotes and criticisms of Green's colleagues in historical research. Of Stubbs it is related that when he found Green with a volume of Renan in his hand, he borrowed it and deposited it uncut in the waste-paper basket. This vehement method of disapproving of Renan's tendency strikes us as almost incomprehensible, when we remember that Stubbs died only about a year ago, and that he was unquestionably England's greatest historical scholar of the last century. It is equally interesting, as showing the peculiar features of the English university system, to read of the same eminent historian having only ten men in attendance at his lectures and complaining that only the Germans appreciated him.

Of Froude, the following story is related:

Frank Palgrave has just been down at Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's place, and has brought back some charming "Notes on Froude." In the library are ten presses full of the Burghley papers, whereof two are shown to the "casual visitor" by the housekeeper. Anthony looked a little into the two but never discovered the existence of the other eight! Lady S. says he is "the most indolent man" she ever knew. Shall we call him "Indolence in a dozen volumes"?

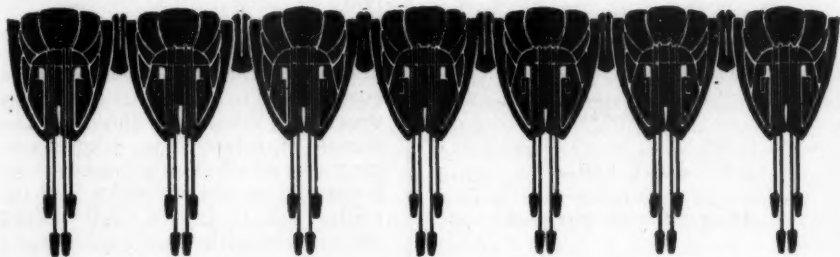
Later he wrote to Freeman, who had pointed out Froude's inaccuracies: "Why don't you hit him in the big things and not in the little? The big thing is that Anthony has written a history of England with England left out." There are also interesting criticisms of other historians, Ranke, Palgrave, Seeley, and Gardiner.

These letters will appeal to a large circle of readers, not merely to those interested in historical work; for Green was a many-sided man, and his interests embraced nearly the whole field of human activity. He was intensely human. His views on general culture, on literature, and art are stimulating and suggestive. Culture he looked upon

not as the mere study of "literature" which withdrew you from "your work," but as such a gradual entering into the spirit of the highest thought the world has ever produced as enables us rightly to

know what the value of all work, and our work among it, really is. . . .

Nature, as well as humanity, had a message for him; he had the poet's idealism. Some of his descriptions of Italian scenery are literary gems. Then as letters, those of Green are models. They are always natural and unaffected, always courageous and hopeful, and at times playful and witty. Behind them we can clearly perceive the man that penned them,—the earnest worker to whom ill-health and difficulties were but additional incitements to greater effort. We see the calmly poised mind that could accurately gauge the value of its own work, and the sweet temperament that refrained from harsh criticism of his fellow workers. We see a character of great nobility, a great literary artist, and an intellect closely akin to those of the highest order.



The English Reviews

A Sketch of their History and Principles

By ARTHUR WAUGH

IT is probable that everyone who is keenly interested in literature and the preservation of the literary spirit passes at some period or other through the stage of believing that what English literature most needs is the establishment of that Academy of Letters which Arnold so persuasively advocated. With the multiplication of sensational journals and cheap, trashy magazines the intellectual currency of the country seems perpetually to be debased, and the despairing enthusiast is driven back upon the idea of a "central literary authority" as the only possible check upon the rapid descent of old ideals into the Avernus of vulgarity. The advantages of such an Academy, however, gener-

ally dissolve under analysis, and we are reminded, upon looking around us, that we are not so entirely destitute of the "central authority" as we may have feared. For what an Academy has done for France the Quarterly and Monthly Reviews have to no small extent done for England, and it is interesting at the opening of a new century to look back and trace the steady and reasonable progress of ideas which has been fostered under their influence. It is now all but a hundred years since the *Edinburgh Review* first took the town by storm, and it would be difficult to overestimate the debt of English manners and national literature to the powerful methods of criticism which were then established and perpetuated.

The original design of the *Review* was, indeed, as a bulwark against invasion. The nineteenth century opened with many contending currents of ideas, with revolutionary projects both in life and literature, and with a general sense of restlessness and discontent. To direct these currents and to counteract this vague unrest, the Whig party conceived the notion of establishing a quarterly magazine which should present a uniform and consistent policy both in affairs and in letters, and should sweep down with vigorous commonsense all affectations of novelty and caprice. Hence the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which appeared in October, 1802. The starting impulse towards publication was given by Sydney Smith, who himself revised the articles for the first number, but after that the editorship was formally assumed by Francis Jeffrey, who held the post for nearly twenty-seven years, resigning it in 1829 on his appointment as Dean of the Faculty of Advocates. Long before that time the *Edinburgh* had taken its position as the leading

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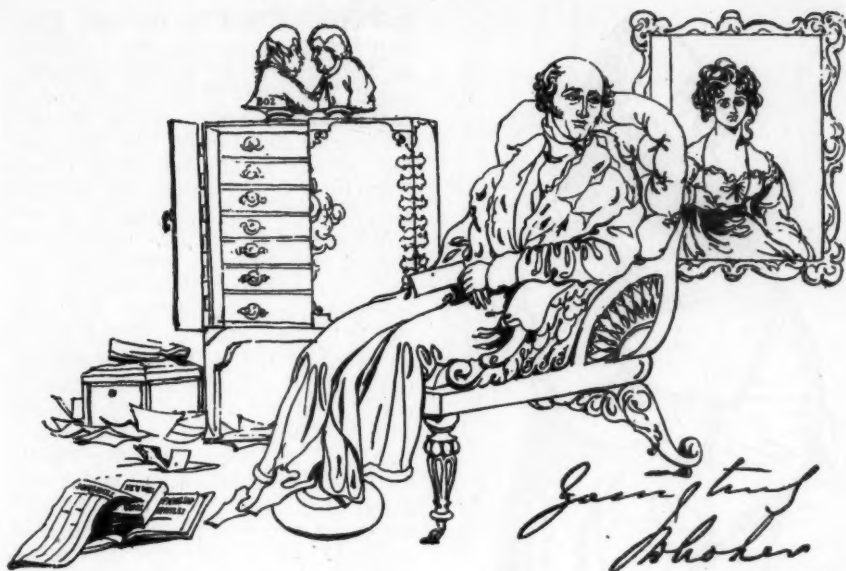
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From

JOHN WILSON CROKER
Co-Founder of the "Quarterly Review"

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organ of Whig thought and policy, and had gathered around it some of the most brilliant talent of the time. It had become, as Carlyle said, "a kind of Delphic oracle and voice of the inspired for great majorities of what is called the 'intelligent public,'" while Jeffrey himself was regarded as endowed with something little short of impeccability in judgment and taste. That he achieved so much is in itself a proof that Jeffrey was a man of unusual talents, but it is easy enough, with the wisdom that follows the event, to see that his criticism was too impervious to new ideas, his insight lacking in depth and subtlety. He was a man of quick perception on the surface, frankly sincere both in his enthusiasms and dislikes, and, often as he was mistaken in his estimates, his errors were never due to petty prejudice or personal pique. His generosity was abundant; he lent to Carlyle, and gave to Hazlitt, and had always ready sympathy for the unfortunate. Moreover, in integrity and strength of will he was an ideal editor.

Meanwhile, the Whigs were not to be allowed to occupy the field unchal-

lenged. The Tory party soon perceived that the current of ideas flowing from Jeffrey's study was becoming a menace to their own interests, and various suggestions were made in secret for a rival combination. As so often happens, the great undertaking eventually sprang from a trivial source. John Murray, the publisher, had been acting as London agent for the *Edinburgh Review*, and, being a man of infinite resource and influence, had raised its circulation to over five thousand copies in the English capital alone. But the Constables, the Edinburgh publishers, were always short of money, and their demands and advances upon Murray's purse became more than he could patiently endure. He accordingly decided to break with them altogether, and to start the rival which had already been suggested to him. In the first instance he broached the scheme to Canning, whose cousin, Stratford Canning, introduced to Murray the critic and scholar, William Gifford, whose translation of Juvenal is still read and admired. It was arranged that Gifford should undertake the editorship of the new *Quarterly Re-*



Rev. Sydney Smith

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REV. SYDNEY SMITH
Author of "Plymley's Letters"

view, and preparations were begun with a secrecy that in these days of literary news mongering would be absolutely impossible. Some of the old business arrangements have a quaint interest now. Gifford was to receive £160 for each number for payment to the contributors, and it would seem that at the outset the highest rate of remuneration was £10 per sheet of sixteen pages. Gifford's own salary was, at first, £200 a year, but in the first few years this

was doubled, and by the time Lockhart held the editorship the "dividend to the editor," as Murray gracefully put it, was £325 on the appearance of each number, besides special payment for articles contributed. By that time, too, it was a common thing to pay £100 for a single article, and Southey always received at least that sum.

William Gifford has been often abused in print, and, indeed, he made not a few enemies by his own unsparing and almost vindictive criticism. But in life he would seem to have been an excellent and kindly fellow enough; too much of a bookworm for a perfect editor, and not very closely in touch with the public taste, but scholarly, thorough, and honorable. He was the victim of delicate health, which rendered him slack and dilatory in business, and some of the early numbers appeared tardily, long after their proper dates. But he knew the right men to secure as contributors, and, being helped in this by Murray's wide acquaintance, he left the *Quarterly* not only a dangerous, but even an equal, rival of the *Edinburgh*. At the outset the secret was so well preserved that the *Review* sprang upon an absolutely unprepared public. The first number was issued in February, 1809, and its progress was watched not without anxiety by its supporters. Like many first numbers, it was not ideal; as Scott said at the time, there were signs of haste in several of the articles, and the tone was too exclusively literary. Still it contained fine material. Scott wrote on Burns; Southey on Missionaries; and there were important articles by Dr. Young on Laplace and on Spain by Frere. The last-named subject was further treated in the third number by Canning himself, and here John Wilson Croker began his distinguished career as a *Quarterly* reviewer. In No. 4 Heber made his appearance, and in No. 5 Southey wrote the article on Nelson's life, which he afterwards expanded into the classic biography. But an enumeration of even the most distinguished names would become tedious, and it is enough to say that neither Gifford nor Murray spared pains

to get the best work and establish tradition.

In those days the rivalry between the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly* was keen and even pugnacious. Each editor watched his opportunity, and an article in the one was frequently followed by a counterblast in the other. Nor were the supporters of the *Quarterly* without apprehension of their success. The first few years were attended with difficulty. After the early numbers the circulation dropped from five thousand to four thousand, and strenuous efforts were needed to increase it. Still the increase came, and steadily, till, within ten years of its establishment, fourteen thousand copies of each number were regularly sold, and Murray was in possession of a rich and improving property. Of the two rival editors Gifford was the first to resign. His health gradually broke down, and after bringing out just over sixty numbers he gave way



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JOHN WILSON

Editor of "Blackwood's Magazine"

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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to John Taylor Coleridge, who had assisted him for some time in a subaltern position. Coleridge, however, was enjoying too brilliant a success at the bar to be able to give time to literature, and in 1826 Lockhart, the second great *Quarterly* editor, took over and developed the work which Gifford had so well begun. It was he who wrote the famous article on Tennyson's poems in 1833, which led to the nine-years' silence and eventual triumph of the last Laureate. And here it may be convenient to enumerate the various editors who have filled the historic post in Albemarle Street. Lockhart retained the editorship with undiminished success until 1853, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Whitwell Elwin, one of the most distinguished authorities on Pope. Mr. William Macpherson, a nephew of Maria Edgeworth, was editor from 1860 to 1867, when Sir William Smith followed, and from that date till 1893 conducted one of the most brilliant



From

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART
Editor of the "Quarterly Review"

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periods of the *Review's* history. He was succeeded by Mr. Rowland Prothero, the editor of Gibbon and Byron,

who was appointed in 1899 to an important position of trust, and resigned his editorial duties to his eldest brother,

Mr. George Prothero, Professor of History in the University of Edinburgh, and author of many biographical and historical studies. Between Sir William Smith and Mr. Rowland Prothero there was a brief interregnum of one year, during which the present Mr. John Murray conducted the *Review*. It would take too much space to recount even a tithe of the important articles which have appeared under these various editors, but a few landmarks are of more than passing interest. Perhaps the most brilliant number of the *Quarterly* ever issued was the first under Smith's editorship. It contained articles by the Bishop of Oxford, Lord Stanhope, Robert Lowe, Abraham Hayward, and General Napier, besides the attack on Disraeli's reform bill by the present Lord Salisbury,—one of the most epoch-making incidents in the history of conservative journalism. Among other frequent contributors during the last thirty years have been W. E. Gladstone, Dean Burgin, John Sterling, Lord Shaftes-

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Vol. XXVIII.—No. 1.

THE WESTMINSTER

January 1901.

I. ON WAR AND TRADE. By FRANKLIN THOMASSON	1
II. AMERICAN POLITICIANS. By HUGH BLAKER	10
III. MODERN EGYPT. FROM MAHOMET ALI TO ABRAS HILMI II. By W. H. GIBBS	20
IV. THE STATE VERSUS THE MAN. By WALTER J. BAYLIS, M.A.	30
V. HISTORICAL CALENDARS. By J. F. HEWITT	40
VI. SAMUEL PARR. By JOHN MAX ATENBOROUGH	50
VII. COMPANIES ACT, 1900. By H. W. SIMLEY, B.A., LL.M.	60
VIII. THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE LUNACY COMMISSIONERS AND THE LORD CHANCELLOR'S LUNACY BILL. By MAGUCH	70
IX. SCIENCE AND RELIGION. A REJOINDER. By C. PENNYN	80
X. CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE	90
A. SCIENCE	90
B. PHILOSOPHY AND THEOLOGY	95
C. MEDICAL	100
D. SOCIOLOGY, POLITICS, AND JURISPRUDENCE	105
E. VOYAGES AND TRAVELS	110
F. HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY	115
G. BELLES LETTRES	120
H. POETRY	125
I. ART	130

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1890.

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SIR WILLIAM MOLESWORTH
Editor of "London and Westminster Review"

bury, A. W. Kinglake, M. Guizot, Mark Pattison, Dean Stanley, Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), and Sir Henry Holland. Thackeray was an occasional writer, with one notable article on John Leech, the artist, as were also Miss Martineau with a eulogy of Miss Florence Nightingale, and W. T. Coulton, with a striking discussion upon Junius. It only remains to say that the *Quarterly Review* has begun the new century with a number worthy of its highest traditions, and eloquent of the talent and judgment of Mr. George Prothero, the present editor.

We return for a moment to the *Edinburgh* to find its history equally interesting. Under Jeffrey's editorship Hazlitt was a regular writer, and the two particular stars were, of course, Macaulay and Carlyle. The former may be said to have originated, with his study of Milton in 1825, the modern method of critical monograph, while in 1828 he gave currency to the fresher conception of history, suggestive and picturesque, which has been so fruitful of production in our own time. In 1829 Jeffrey was succeeded as editor by Macvey Na-

pier, and he in his turn by Empson, who, in Carlyle's own phrase, "died at Haileybury, correcting proofsheets

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

EDITED BY W. L. COURTNEY

MARCH, 1901.

- I. England, Ireland, and the Century. By T. W. RUSSELL, M.P. 291
- II. The late Queen and the Victorian Era—
a. Queen Victoria and Germany. By DIPLOMATICUS 408
b. Queen Victoria as a Statesman. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH 410
c. Ireland under Queen Victoria. By J. A. R. HARRIS 445
- III. In the Hive. By MAURICE MASTERS 475
- IV. Verdi. By J. COTTERY HARRIS 475
- V. The Civil List and the Hereditary Revenue of the Crown. By G. FRYDAL 485
- VI. Victor Emmanuel II., King of Italy. By HALEY ZIMMERMAN 494
- VII. Politics in South Africa. Dramatic Personae. (II.) By GEORGE F. C. NOEL 505
- VIII. A Specimen of Medieval Irish Poetry. By STEPHEN GUYEN 510
- IX. An Unarmed People. By W. A. BALLIE-GORDMAN 517
- X. The Loan Exhibition at Burlington House. By H. HASTINGS STATHAM 543
- XI. Shakespeare in the Fifties. By COLONEL HUGHES HALLATT 553
- XII. The Life of a Woman Convict. By M. F. JOHNSON 559
- XIII. Correspondence—
a. Technical Education for Girls. By T. A. ORMAN 568
b. The Soldier Cyclist. By H. G. WELLS 570

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX-  -XX

EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES . . . No. 507. NOVEMBER 1901

I. One Lesson of the War—the Militia Ballot	708
(1) By the Editor. (2) By HUGH R. E. CHILDS	708
II. WANTED—A Business Government. By EDWARD ROBERTSON, K.C., M.P.	711
III. Great Britain and Russia. By A. KURBAN BEY DE BULOZSKI	723
IV. The True Origin of the Newfoundland Dilemma. By W. B. DUFFIELD	727
V. Naval Fastidiosa. By ARCHIBALD S. HURD	751
VI. The Pre-empting. By W. J. FLETCHER	761
VII. Did Elizabeth Starve and Rob her Subjects? By Vice-Admiral Sir CYPRIAN BRIDGES, K.C.B.	776
VIII. Of the Personal Element in History. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS	790
IX. Omens at Coronations. By CHARLES BERNARD	799
X. The Employment of Educated Women. By MISS CHAMBERTON	808
XI. Can the Sea be Fished Out? By E. B. MARSTON	813
XII. The Fifth Association Law. By WILFRID HUBBARD	818
XIII. A Visit to the Argentine Republic. By the Right Hon. G. J. STAN- LEY	830
XIV. The New Harbour Works at Dover. (With Charts.) By Sir WILLIAM CAULFIELD and WOODFORD MOWLE	840
XV. The Anxiety of the Hour. (By the Rev. Dr. J. GUINNESS ROGERS	851
XVI. Last Month. By Sir WILLIAM KEMP	856

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of the *Edinburgh*, while waiting daily for death." Sir George Cornewall Lewis followed in 1853, but resigned two years later on becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. Henry Reeve then occupied the chair till his death in October, 1895, when the present editor, the Hon. Arthur S. Elliot, assumed the post. Mr. Elliot is the second son of the third Lord Minto, and member of Parliament for the city of Durham.

The distinctive features of the *Quarterlies* have always, of course, been the preservation of a consistent policy and of the anonymity of the writers. In old days the secret of authorship was zealously guarded, and though nowadays occasional paragraphs reveal individualities, it is still the desire of editors and publishers that the voice should be regarded as the voice of the *Review* and not of the isolated critic. Sir William Smith, indeed,

had a summary way of dealing with offenders. When a young writer, naturally elate at getting his first article accepted, "inspired" a paragraph to the effect that "a criticism of —, which we understand to be from the pen of Mr. —, will appear in the forthcoming *Quarterly*," Smith delighted, if time still remained, in holding back the article altogether, to the disappointment and rebuke of young ambition! And the strength of anonymity is undoubted, its uses are soundly beneficial. The same principle was adopted by William Blackwood, who was historically the next to appear upon the arena with his famous and still-flourishing "*Maga*." *Blackwood's Magazine* was first published in 1817, and created a sensation unparalleled in magazine history. For here was something quite new; audacious, mischievous, and witty, it took away the breath of the literary world. The well-known "Chaldee Manuscript" in the first number, a burlesque satire upon the literary society of Edinburgh, was not, indeed, without grave faults of taste,

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

No 422. February, 1901

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1. The Queen. | By MRS. EMILY CRAWFORD. |
| 2. LORD VOLWERTON AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. | By "NEMO." |
| 3. THE INFLUENCE OF EUROPE ON ASIA. | |
| 4. SCIENCE IN AGRICULTURE. | By MEREDITH TOWNSEND. |
| 5. RUSSIA AND THE "OPEN DOOR" | By SIR EDMUND VERNER. |
| 6. CHRISTIANITY AND PUBLIC-LIFE. | By D. S. CAIRNS. |
| 7. SERJOS. | By HERBERT NEWMAN. |
| 8. MR. LESLIE STEPHEN'S "ENGLISH UTILITARIANS." | |
| 9. NATIONAL MILITARY REFORM. | By WILLIAM GRAHAM. |
| 10. CO-OPERATORS, THE STATE, AND THE HOUSING QUESTION. | By COLONEL F. H. MAUDE. |
| 11. THE NOVELS OF M. RENE BAZIN. | By GILBERT SLATER. |
| 12. THE SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS. | By EDMUND GOSSE. |
| 13. THE DECLINE OF THE GOVERNMENT. | By HENRY W. WOLFF. |
| 14. THE DECLINE OF THE GOVERNMENT. | By HERBERT PAUL. |

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redeemed, perhaps, by boyish vivacity and high spirits. Blackwood's lieutenants were Lockhart, Wilson, and Hogg, and a merry dance they led their publisher! Murray, Blackwood's

Within a few months a steady circulation of six thousand had been achieved, and Scott was himself a contributor. The outstanding feature of *Blackwood's*, looking back upon it when the feverish

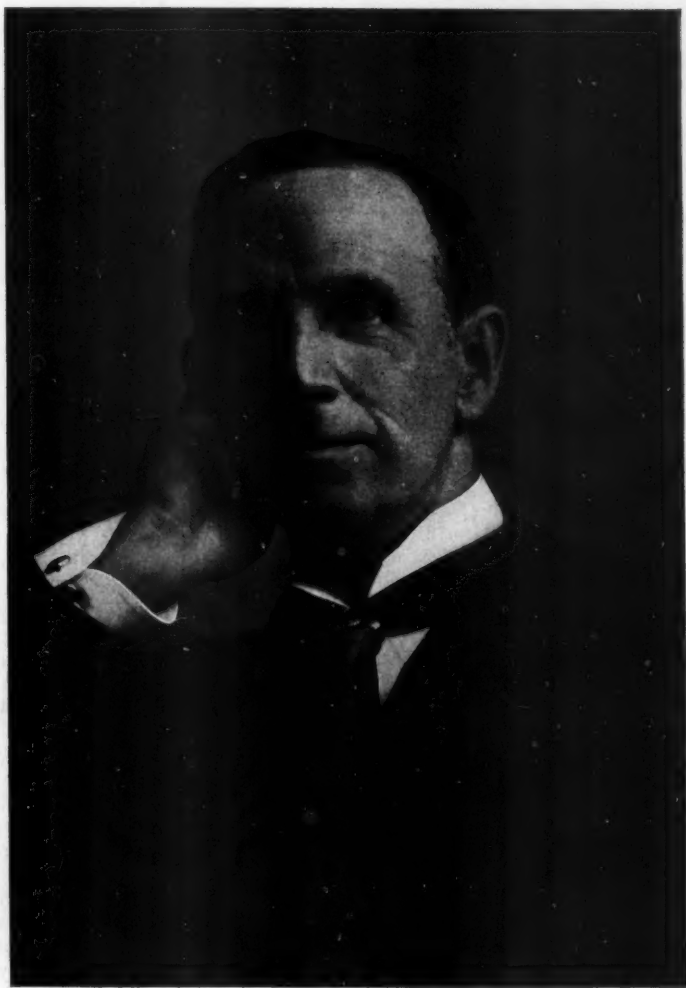


Photo by

THE RT. HON. JOHN MORLEY, P.C., M.P.
Editor of "The Fortnightly Review," 1867-83

Elliott & Fry

London representative, was shocked and distressed; Scott considered the tone imprudent, and libel-actions were threatened. But the storm blew over, and the young lions settled down.

excitements of its onslaught have cooled, seems to be the famous *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, in which the leading contributors discoursed with irresponsible wit and incisiveness upon the books,

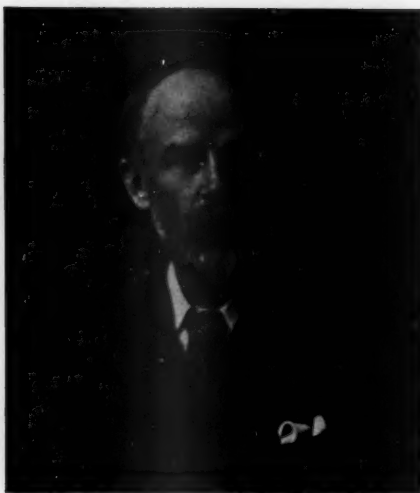


Photo by

Crooke, Edinburgh

MR. G. W. PROTHERO
Editor of the "Quarterly Review"

the people, and the events of importance in their day. "Reckless, gay, and powerful," they left their impress on their time, and by their half-concealed caricature of one another unconsciously prepared the way for what was to be the next important move in the development of periodical literature,—the suppression of anonymity and the authority of the individual.

It was many years, however, before any vigorous and stable attempt was made to break down the fashion of anonymous criticism, and when it came it swept with it the tradition which associated the very existence of a periodical with the maintenance of a homogeneous and consistent policy. The establishment, in 1865, of the *Fortnightly Review* was a distinctive landmark in the development of critical journalism. Its whole scheme was subversive of the most carefully guarded principles of the Quarterlies.

We propose—said the editors—to remove all those restrictions of party and of editorial "consistency" which in other journals hamper the full and free expression of opinion; and we shall ask each writer to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity. He will be asked to say what he really thinks and really feels: to say it on his own responsibility, and to leave its appreciation to the public.

The *Fortnightly* was to "seek its public amid all parties," and to maintain "a consistency of tendency, not of doctrine: the purpose of aiding progress in all directions." The promoters of this revolutionary journal were George Henry Lewes, Anthony Trollope, and Frederic Chapman, the publisher; and the first number was issued on May 15, 1865. Lewes was editor, and the first contributors included Walter Bagehot, George Eliot, the late Lord de Tabley, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, and Sir John Herschel. At first the publication was, as the title implied, fortnightly; but this experiment was abandoned after nine months' trial, and when Mr. John Morley assumed the editorship in January, 1867, the *Review* was established as a monthly. Custom is a hard thing to overcome; and it would be too much to pretend that the *Fortnightly* altogether maintained its promise of immunity from all political or philosophic bias. An editor, especially if he be a man of strong individuality, naturally surrounds himself by men of congenial temperament and views; and under Mr. John Morley's powerful supervision the *Fortnightly Review* became in a sense the organ of Positivism and a new Radicalism. It was far from being closed to other theories, but its dominant notes were certainly these. And the company was a strong one,—its voice far-reaching. John Stuart Mill was an enthusiastic supporter; Mr. George Meredith wrote regularly, and so did Huxley and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Herbert Spencer, Walter Pater, William Morris, Professor Freeman, Matthew Arnold, John Addington Symonds, Professor Max Müller,—it would be difficult to collect a more various and divergent body of men! And the reputation for variety which Mr. Morley initiated has survived his management, and continued in full activity under his successors, Mr. T. H. S. Escott, Mr. Frank Harris, and the present editor. Mr. W. L. Courtney, who now fills the chair and is introducing with the new century fresh and promising developments, is a member of the editorial staff of *The Daily Teel*.

graph, and a Fellow of New College, Oxford. He can lay claim to a journalistic triumph in securing for his periodical Sir Robert Hart's account of the siege of Peking,—one of the most important personal documents that the press has published for years. Under

it enjoyed its "palmy days," its career was vacillating, and it has long since declined into the sere and yellow leaf. The *Contemporary*, which was started the year after the *Fortnightly*, and the *National Review* (1883), have opened their pages to every kind of view and



Photo by

MR. W. L. COURTNEY, M. A., LL.D.
Present editor of the "Fortnightly Review"

Lafayette, London

his conduct it may justly be said that the *Fortnightly* has reflected some of the glittering achievements of Mr. Morley's memorable editorship.

The new fashion set by the *Fortnightly* was not long in finding followers. The *Westminster Review*, indeed, boasts an earlier origin; but, although

to many of the best-known names of the day. The *Contemporary* has been particularly rich in articles of literary interest; while the *National*, which has recently maintained a strong Imperialistic policy, was for a long while controlled by Mr. Alfred Austin, the present poet-laureate. But by far the

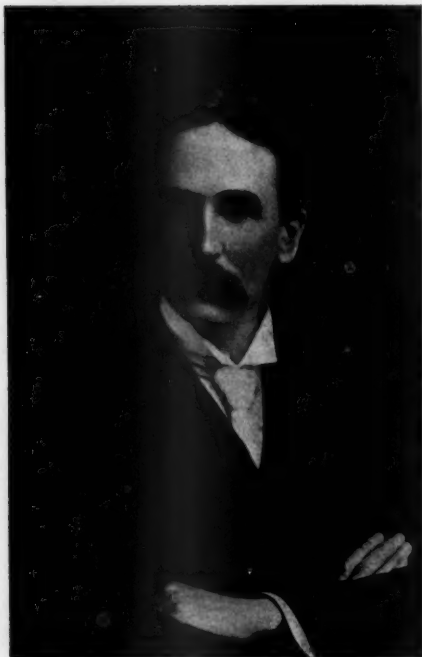


Photo by

Gabbell, London

HON. ARTHUR S. ELLIOT, M. P.
Editor of the "Edinburgh Review"

most successful and conspicuous rival has been *The Nineteenth Century*, which was inaugurated in 1877 by Mr. James T. Knowles, the friend of Tennyson, and architect of Aldworth. *The Nineteenth Century* was heralded by an introductory sonnet by Tennyson himself, and for the last twenty years it has sustained the vigor and variety which he foretold for it, by holding its own as the most widely read of the monthly reviews. Mr. Knowles has an enviable faculty for being first upon the scent of novelty; and rival editors will confess how often they have been disappointed in finding him before them in securing the promise of the right man's view upon the new political or social complication. During the early years of *The Nineteenth Century* it enjoyed the exclusive privilege of printing Tennyson's new poems; and in its pages appeared such notable additions as "The Revenge," "The Defence of Lucknow," and "Despair." "West-

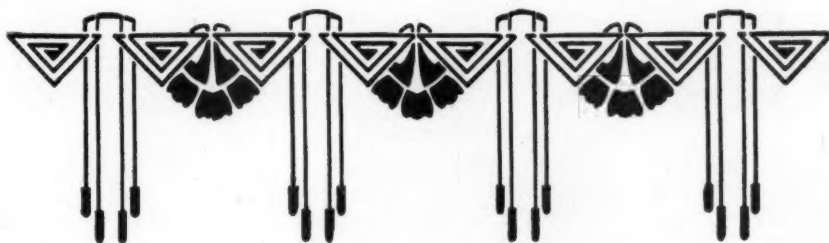
minster Abbey," Matthew Arnold's tribute to the memory of Dean Stanley, was another of Mr. Knowles's treasures; while Gladstone, Ruskin, Froude, Huxley, and Mr. Swinburne were all frequent contributors. *The Nineteenth Century* is now certainly the most popular of the monthly reviews, and probably enjoys the most weight. It has been said in criticism of its methods that its editor is apt to depend rather upon his contents-bill than his contents; and it is indeed true that the long array of names upon the front cover is sometimes more imposing, from an official and social standpoint, than are the views or the style of the articles themselves. But this is clearly a part of the editor's policy; and from the point of view of the conductor of a remunerative property it is sensible enough. Although a good article has always had its chance, it has been no part of Mr. Knowles's editorship to "discover" new writers; he has sought, and sought with conspicuous success, for the best acknowledged experts, and has made it his business to give the public the views of the men upon whom it has learnt to rely. From a business aspect his undertaking has justified itself by its success; and he may well look back with satisfaction upon the distinguished muster-roll of his collaborators.

It is interesting, however, in comparing the most modern editorial policy with that of a century ago, to see how widely the editorial function has diverged, and how different are the aims of the managers. To some extent, no doubt, the change has been effected by the growth of advertisement and the increasing importance of the advertising canvasser in controlling the fortunes of a periodical. In reading of the early struggles of the quarterly reviews, we find but two necessities exercising the minds of the promoters: the question of circulation and the quality of the contributions; of which the first depended entirely upon the second. Murray's letters of that period are full of anxiety as to the opinion of his advisers upon the literary and logical excellence of the various articles, and

many authorities are consulted upon many points. But nowadays, as all who have had a share in floating a new periodical know only too well, the first inquiry of the management is addressed to the advertising agent; the first necessity is a fine and remunerative show of advertisements—whether of soap or of pills, of tooth-powder or of beef-extracts. And to secure these advertisements the first need of the enterprising agent introducing a new periodical is to be able to point to an imposing list of familiar names in the table of contributors. And so, in all but the oldest and most firmly established of our literary reviews, the necessity for outward show becomes paramount, and the question of quality is, of equal necessity, set in the background. Hence the multiplication of foolish and valueless magazines, mere vehicles for the portage of advertisements, in many of which the trade announcements are of equal, and even greater bulk than the letterpress. Hence, too, the debasing of the intellectual currency to the level of that grosser popularity which shall combine a large circulation with a regi-

ment of names familiar to the unlettered, and so convey to the intending advertiser the greatest possible inducement for patronage.

From all this ingenuity of the huckster it is pleasant to turn to methods more sedate, and to spend an hour or two in the calm company of the great editors of the past, and the small company of their worthy successors in the present. It is here that we can feel that the interests of literature are still subserved, that the academic spirit still survives. The illustrated sixpennyworths, with their snap-shot photographs and their fiction for the servants' hall, multiply with unfailing fecundity, till their progeny seem likely to eat one another out of the grass of the warren. But the leisured spirit of literary dignity and power will continue to put forth new leaves with the regular recurrence of the Reviews; and long may they survive the stress of competition and the spread of half-educated intelligence! It will be a gray day for English literature if they ever find themselves crowded from their honorable place.



The Drama

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well, and there can be no doubt that much careful preparation was devoted to the production of "The

ness and appropriateness of the stage decorations, the accuracy in minor details, and the general smoothness of the first public performance, all bore



Photo by

MISS VIRGINIA HARNED
Now playing in "Alice of Old Vincennes"

Sarony

Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," which was selected by Mr. and Mrs. Fiske to follow "Miranda of the Balcony" in the Manhattan Theatre. The complete-

testimony to this fact. In these respects the presentation, for the most part, was worthy of the professed policy of the management. On the

subject of the play itself it is impossible to be enthusiastic. That it possesses in its familiar but poignant situations elements of great popularity is indisputable, and it may be admitted that Mrs. Burton Harrison has displayed considerable constructive ingenuity in giving new form to an old plan, but in remodelling the foundations she has weakened the whole superstructure. The guilt of the wife is essential to the

after a lapse of so many years, and in the prescribed conditions, either her husband or his lawyer would consent to grant her a personal interview. Again, it is difficult to discern any reason, except the theatrical one, which is obvious enough, why, being conscious of innocence, she should, though passionately attached to him, refuse to marry an honorable man, who suspected her of having a troubled past, but was



Photo by

SCENE FROM "THE GIRL AND THE JUDGE"

Byron

credibility of the subsequent drama. If the first Mrs. Lorimer had been as innocent of anything worse than an indiscretion committed under cruel provocation, and as fond of her child as she is asserted to have been, she never would have abandoned the fight for her rights. As for the self-incriminating letter which she is supposed to have written, that, of course, would have little or no weight in a court of law, in the absence of corroborative testimony. Moreover, innocent or guilty, it is extremely improbable that

willing and eager to ignore it. Manifestly the primary object of the play is not to present a picture of actual life, or to enforce a moral, but to provoke sympathy for an angelic creature suffering prolonged martyrdom.

"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch," of course, is a modernized, elaborated, and expurgated edition of the old, old story of which "East Lynne" is the best known version upon our stage, and all theatre-goers know how potent it has been in the hands of the great emotional actresses of the French and

English stages for the last forty years. To say that Mrs. Fiske is as eloquent an interpreter of it as some of her predecessors would be untrue. Her ability is intellectual rather than emotional. She suggests more than she expresses. It is not, therefore, in moments of pure pathos that she is most impressive. But Mrs. Harrison has made Mrs. Hatch a more complex character than Lady Isabel, endowing her with pugnacity, sarcasm, resolution, and clever-

prettily imagined devices. Her death was a striking bit of realism. On the whole her performance was a notably clever adaptation of means to ends. She was well supported by J. E. Dodson, R. T. Haines, Jefferson Winter, Max Figman, Eleanor Moretti, and Annie Irish.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD has made an unmistakable hit with his *Monsieur Beaucaire* in the play founded



Photo by

"THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH," ACT III

Byron

ness. These attributes do not always harmonize with her conduct, but they enabled Mrs. Fiske to display some of her best abilities. Thus she was particularly effective in her alternate moods of entreaty and defiance in the scene with her husband and his lawyer in the first act, and in her passionate outburst against the second Mrs. Lorimer in the third. In the scene with her daughter, when she is compelled to maintain her disguise of dressmaker, she indicated the maternal craving with many true, delicate, and

upon Mr. Tarkington's story. It is a long time since he has found a character giving so much scope to some of his most attractive gifts as an actor. In tragic, heroic, or deeply emotional parts his style is rigid, strenuous, and inelastic, but in light, eccentric, romantic comedy his quick sense and firm grasp of character, his close attention to detail, his easy, authoritative manner, his vein of cynical and bantering humor, and his striking personality are exceedingly effective. As the French prince who, for his own pur-

poses, allows himself to be mistaken for a barber, he is in his element. Linguistically, of course, he is perfect both in his scraps of French and in his Frenchified English, and he is but little less happy in his suggestions both of the fine gentleman and the pretender. His indifference to insults which it does not suit him to resent is superb, and his bearing as lover and courtier all that could be desired. His long experience in the heavier drama enables him to carry off such scenes as those of the card-playing episode and the attempted assassination with a dash and vigor far beyond the reach of the ordinary light comedian, and thus to distract attention from what are really the weakest spots in the play. It is absurd, of course, to suppose that a Duke, even of the wicked theatrical variety, would gamble with a man whom he believed to be a barber and sharper, and try to cheat him in so clumsy a way, and it is equally absurd to pretend that half-a-dozen Bath dandies would conspire to murder a man in their host's garden. But in other respects this play by Mr. Tarkington and Mrs. Sutherland is a very creditable performance, written in a by no means unsuccessful imitation of the older comedies. The first act, even if some of the witticisms are borrowed, is very brightly written, and the piece is interesting and entertaining from beginning to end. It is true that the chief laurels belong to Mr. Mansfield—whose vanity must be exacting indeed if it were not satisfied by the appreciation of his first night's audience—but the authors at least deserve credit for providing him with an opportunity.

THE MOST OBVIOUS comment upon Mr. Clyde Fitch's "The Girl and the Judge," produced before a rather puzzled and doubtful audience in the Lyceum Theatre, is that it is exceedingly clever in spots and exceedingly theatrical. The moral of it, if it has one, that a judge may be justified in falsifying evidence, suborning perjury, and using his influence to shield a criminal, for the sake of the woman he loves, is, of course, abominable. For

that Mrs. Stanton is in the eyes of the law a common thief there is no doubt. She steals for gain, she pawns the goods, and she is afraid of the police. The genuine kleptomaniac, a very rare species, steals for love of the article and fears nothing but the loss of it. In this matter Mr. Fitch tampers with



Photo by

MR. CHARLES DALTON
In "The Helmet of Navarre"

Sarony

facts and with common sense. But the problem which he proposes to the judge in his first act is novel and highly ingenious, and the way in which he provokes and maintains curiosity is as clever, in its way, as anything he has done. The motive which led him to select a bedroom, at midnight, for the scene of the daughter's accusation

and the mother's confession is open to suspicion, but, at all events, the scene itself is strongly dramatic and also true to nature—although in a different sense from what he intended—if somewhat painful and repellent. It is more pleasant to revert to the girl and the judge, both of whom are entirely sympathetic and human personages. As the tender, loving, distracted daughter, Miss Annie Russell is wholly charming in her own delightful way. Her love passages with the judge are beautifully fresh and girlish, and her mingled indignation and sad filial devotion in the scene with her guilty mother are very touching and convincing in their simple sincerity. Her entire impersonation is a veritable bit of nature and the salvation of the play. Mr. Johnson's Judge, queer official as he is, is also a capital example of natural acting. Mrs. Gilbert, of course, is delightful as ever. May her years increase and her strength be unabated! Mr. John Glendenning and Mrs. McKee Rankin do Mr. Fitch substantial service. His Jewish characters remind one of the grosser sort of cheap comic valentines. They belong to the variety stage, not the theatre, which, Heaven help us! is supposed to hold the mirror up to nature.

THE "COLORADO" of Mr. Augustus Thomas is a disappointment, and requires only a line or two of record. It is an effective Western melodrama, from the purely theatrical point of view, put together with some con-

structive skill, and containing several sensational scenes, but it is deficient in atmosphere and characterization, and will add nothing to his reputation, although it may help to fill his purse. Mr. Wilton Lackaye makes good use of such chances as are afforded him in a conventional part. Nor is there much to be said in praise of Mr. Edward E. Rose's adaptation of Mr. Maurice Thompson's "Alice of Old Vincennes," which fails to reproduce any of the peculiar charm of the original book. It is a bustling melodrama, with some lively scenes thrown together in haphazard and crude fashion. Miss Virginia Harned plays the heroine with coquettish charm, plentiful spirit, and considerable skill; and the piece, which is well put upon the stage, may be popular for a time. Miss Runkle's "Helmet of Navarre" has suffered still more in adaptation, having been converted into a reckless and chaotic melodrama, but it has the advantage of many picturesque tableaux, really fine stage pictures, and some effective romantic acting of the dashing, virile, soldierly kind, by Charles Dalton, an actor of a striking personality of whom more is likely to be heard. Miss Lottie Blair Parker's "Under Southern Skies" is a fairly well made and interesting melodrama, with a sensational marriage scene which may keep it alive for a long time. It is also provided with a number of characteristic Southern scenes, which are enacted with spirit and veracity and afford excellent entertainment.

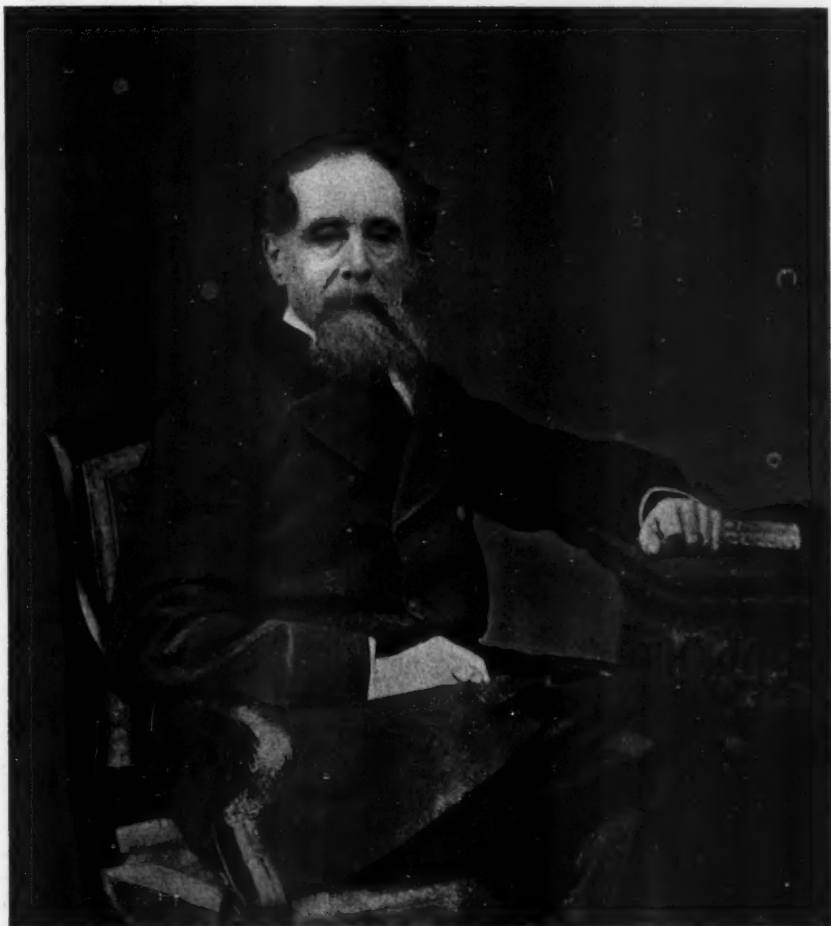


Dickens and his Illustrators

By B. W. MATZ

THE relations which existed between Dickens and the artists who illustrated his books were most intimate. To-day it is the publisher who chooses the artist

Sometimes the artist was happier than at others, and produced Dickens's own ideal in his drawings. But at other times he was not. At the very outset

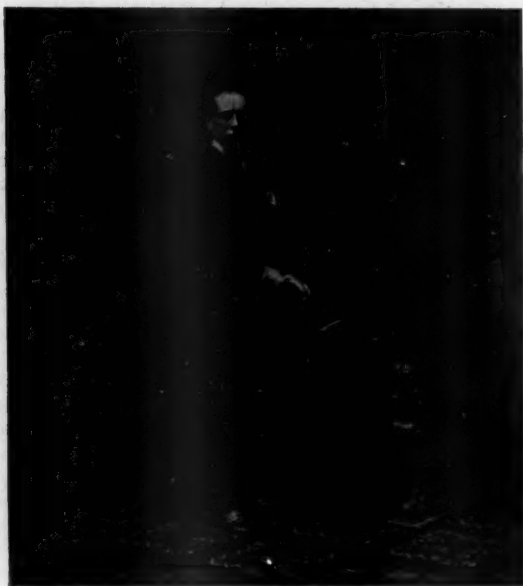


CHARLES DICKENS

(From an hitherto unpublished photograph)

and approves or disapproves of his work. But Dickens was more particular and superintended the choice of subject for illustration and the manner of the treatment of it in his books.

of his career, we find him insisting that Seymour should illustrate his text and that the reverse should not be the case. And many of the original pictures by Phiz and Seymour in "Pickwick" had



CHARLES DICKENS

(From a photograph never before published)

to be considerably altered at Dickens's suggestion. The suggested amendments would be conveyed either in a letter or by writing on the original drawing. We were able, through the courtesy of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to examine one of these original drawings so marked, as well as the steel plate as it afterwards appeared. Again, in "Oliver Twist" is found another early instance of the importance Dickens attached to the pictures. He writes describing how he came to town and found that he had not seen the plates to the last volume, and how he objected to the one "Rose Maylie and Oliver," begging Cruikshank to do it again. Later, he became most abusive to poor Phiz over "Dombey," notwithstanding the pains that famous artist took to please. And so it was throughout all his books; he knew what he wanted, and insisted upon having it. It is this working together of author and artist which makes the work of the latter so valuable, particularly at the present time when so many attempts are made by the artist to re-create some of his characters.

The one artist since Dickens's death whose work stands out prominently as depicting the true spirit of the master, is Fred Barnard. He became associated with Dickens's writings in the Household Edition and illustrated several volumes. Although his style was very different, yet not inferior in technique, to that of Phiz and Cruikshank, both of whom realized Dickens's ideal, it is nevertheless thoroughly and truly in sympathy with the humor and pathos of the author. At times he was positively masterly, and nothing better of the kind has been done than his series of character studies published some years since.

"Pickwick" has always been a fascinating book for the artist. At one time everybody who could draw attempted to illustrate it.

Indeed, the number of artists who indulged in such attempts are legion, "Pickwick papers" being more favored in this respect than the others. At the time of its issue in 1836 and 1837, more than one artist produced sets of etchings to be used as "extras" for the monthly parts as they appeared. The best of these were by Onwhyn, who used the pseudonym of "Sam Weller" on some of his engravings, William Heath, Alfred Crowquill (A. H. Forrester), and T. Gibson. We recall a characteristic one by Heath and also one by Sir John Gilbert, whose series on wood appeared later. The subject is a fascinating one, could be dealt with at length, and enhanced by a specimen of each artist's work. That, of course, is impossible—impracticable, in fact. But of the "authorized" artists we are able to recall, in addition to the ones who were not "authorized" already referred to, a drawing by Seymour which has never appeared in the immortal book itself.

But what will interest Dickens lovers and "collectors" more than notes about

these are the pictures which are now published for the first time. These are the portraits, all of which are the copyright of Mr. H. E. Smith. He discovered them and other plates carefully tied up, and marked "Charles Dickens's portraits." They are all extremely interesting as showing Dickens as he appeared in real life and without the effect of the refining pencil of an artist, and form valuable additions to the already large collection of Dickens prints and pictures. Another interesting lot are the small vignette pictures from a series of water-colors by Phiz, which were so delicately engraved and used on the title-pages of the first issue only of the original Library edition. There were twenty-two in all.

It would be superfluous to enter into any details respecting the illustrations to the various other books of Dickens. "Pickwick" was the only one, comparatively, that created any competition to speak of. And as nearly every edition of his works issued by Chapman and Hall contain the original illustrations, they have become familiar to everybody. Those of our readers, however, who want to know more of the wonderful collection of illustrations which "Pickwick" has inspired, we would recommend to add to their library "Pictorial Pickwickiana," edited by Joseph Grego, wherein he has brought together nearly four hundred drawings and engravings from all over the world, illustrating that book alone.

There were other of the works for which extra plates were published, including "Nickleby," "Barnaby Rudge," "A Tale of Two Cities," besides collections of portraits. Among these should be mentioned Phiz's set of the chief characters in "Dombey and Son."

Not the least interesting part of the serial issue of Dickens's works were the designs for the covers. These were



CHARLES DICKENS

(From an unpublished photograph)

done by the artists illustrating the book.

Of the topography of Dickens much has been said, much written, and much published. Indeed, there seems to be no finality to the subject. As we have observed already, Dickens had a keen eye and took in everything he saw. Having once got it in his mind's eye his marvellous memory kept it there. It is not strange, therefore, that towns, villages, houses, inns, streets, private rooms, incidents and scenes, which figure in his novels, should have their prototype in reality. Most authors work in the same manner but perhaps not so faithfully. Dickens had so many confidential friends too—great men all of them—who survived him and who have helped in identification and left records of facts. But time the ravisher will soon eliminate all traces of association with the Dickens as far as London is concerned. Every new improvement in these thoroughfares destroys something historically connected with Mr. Pickwick or the Wellers (particularly the old hostleries, of which



CHARLES DICKENS

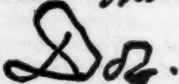
(From an unpublished photograph)

few remain in London now). Oliver Twist, Dick Swiveller, and the Marchioness—and of scenes in "Sketches by Boz," "Copperfield," "Dorrit," "Bleak House," and the rest; but of course all is not wiped out yet.

And if one could take a walk, as the late Mr. Hughes of Birmingham did, through London, Gravesend, Rochester, Strood, Chatham, Maidstone, Broadstairs, Canterbury, Cobham, and the surrounding neighborhood, with a good guide, one would find it so. One could see the hotel from which Mr. Pickwick and Jingle started their coach ride to Rochester, and where later Copperfield and his friend Steerforth stayed at one time; one could stroll

through the dark arches of the Adelphi, as Dickens did, and then into the Temple to Fountain-court and observe the rooms where Dickens lived and the spot where Ruth Pinch went to meet her lover; one could discover where Pip lodged in Barnard's Inn, and then find oneself in Holborn wondering where Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig once resided. The Kent districts would require much time. One could see the house in which Dickens spent his honeymoon; the house where he lived as a boy in Chatham, and where he died at Gadshill. One could visit the hotel where the Pickwickians stayed at Rochester and even the bedroom in which Mr. Winkle slept. One could discover the pond on which the Pickwickians disported themselves when it was frozen, that famous winter's day; and if one's imagination be keen enough,

one could see Mr. Pickwick sliding; the Leather Bottle, Cobham, could be seen, where Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, and Mr. Snodgrass inquired "for a gentleman of the name of Tupman." The cricket ground where the historic match took place is not difficult to discover, and if we were so inclined, there is delightful Broadstairs with many associations. Dickens lived and wrote there, in the house on the cliff's side, and one of his most charming pieces ("Our English Watering Places") is devoted to it. There are a thousand and one places and things to see. There are a thousand and one things to write about had we not come to the end of our space. The subject of "Dickens" is gigantic.

always your affectionate friend


FACSIMILE OF DICKENS'S AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE BOZ (1841)



CHARLES DICKENS
(From a photograph never before published)

Dickens in Memory

By GEORGE GISSING

IN one of those glimpses of my childhood which are clearest and most recurrent, I see lying on the table of a familiar room a thin book in a green-paper cover, which shows the title, "Our Mutual Friend." What that title meant, I could but vaguely conjecture; though I fingered the pages, I was too young to read them with understanding; but this thin, green book notably impressed me and awoke my finer curiosity. For I knew that it had been received with smiling welcome; eager talk about it fell upon my ears; and with it was associated a name which from the very beginning of things I had heard spoken respectfully, admiringly. Charles Dickens, Alfred Tennyson—these were to me as the names of household gods; I uttered

them with reverence before two of the framed portraits upon our walls.

Another glimpse into that homely cloudland shows me a bound volume, rather heavy for small hands, which was called "Little Dorrit." I saw it only as a picture book, and found most charm in the frontispiece. This represented a garret bedroom, with a lattice through which streamed the sunshine; thereamid stood a girl, her eyes fixed upon the prospect of city roofs. Often and long did I brood over this picture, which touched my imagination in ways more intelligible to me now than then. To begin with, there was the shaft of sunlight, always, whether in nature or in art, powerful to set me dreaming. Then the view from the window—vague, suggestive of vastness; I was

told that those were the roofs of London, and London, indefinitely remote, had begun to play the necromancer in my brain. Moreover, the poor bareness of that garret, and the wistful gazing of the lonely girl, held me entranced. It was but the stirring of a child's fancy, excited by the unfamiliar; yet many a time in the after years, when, seated in just such a garret, I saw the sunshine flood the table at which I wrote, the frontispiece of

clamoring for the attention of my elders whilst I read aloud this and that passage from the great Trial. But "The Old Curiosity Shop" makes strong appeal to a youthful imagination, and contains little that is beyond its scope. Dickens's sentiment, however it may distress the mature mind of our later day, is not unwholesome, and, at all events in this story, addresses itself naturally enough to feelings unsubdued by criticism. His quality of pictur-



CHARLES DICKENS READING "THE CHIMES" TO HIS FRIENDS AT 58, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, MONDAY, THE 2ND OF DECEMBER, 1844

(From the engraving by C. H. Jeens, after the original sketch by Daniel Maclise, R. A.)

"Little Dorrit" has risen before me, and I have half believed that my childish emotion meant the unconscious foresight of things to come.

I believe that the first book—the first real, substantial book—I read through was "The Old Curiosity Shop." At all events, it was the first volume of Dickens which I made my own. And I could not have lighted better in my choice. At ten years old, or so, one is not ready for "Pickwick." I remember very well the day when I plunged into that sea of mirth; I can hear myself, half choked with laughter,

esqueness is here seen at its best, with little or nothing of that melodrama which makes the alloy of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Oliver Twist"—to speak only of the early books. The opening scene, that dim-lighted storehouse of things old and grotesque, is the best approach to Dickens's world, where sights of every day are transfigured in the service of romance. The kindness of the author's spirit, his overflowing sympathy with poor and humble folk, set one's mind to a sort of music which it is good to live with; and no writer of moralities ever showed

triumphant virtue in so cheery a light as that which falls upon these honest people when rascality has got its deserts. Notably good, too, whether for young or old, is the atmosphere of rural peace breathed in so many pages of this book; I know that it helped to make conscious in me a love of English field and lane and village, one day to become a solacing passion. In "The Old Curiosity Shop," town is set before you only for effect of contrast; the aspiration of the story is to the country road winding along under a

Time went by, and one day I stood before a picture newly hung in the children's room. It was a large woodcut, published (I think) by *The Illustrated London News*, and called "The Empty Chair." Then for the first time I heard of Dickens's home, and knew that he had lived at that same Gadshill of which Shakespeare spoke. Not without awe did I see the picture of the room which now was tenantless; I remember, too, a curiosity which led me to look closely at the writing-table and the objects upon it, at the com-



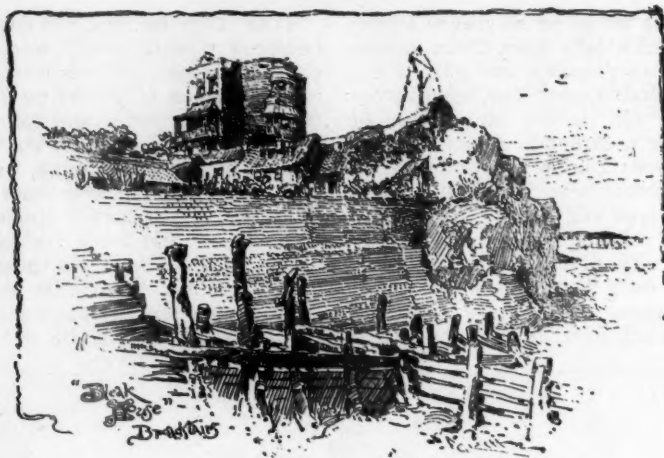
DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, WHERE MANY OF DICKENS'S MASTERPIECES WERE COMPOSED

(From a drawing by Daniel Maclise, R. A.)

pure sky. Others have pictured with a closer fidelity the scenes of English rustic life, but who succeeds better than Dickens in throwing a charm upon the wayside inn and the village church? Among his supreme merits is that of having presented in abiding form one of the best of our national ideals—rural homeliness. By the way of happiest emotions, the child reader takes this ideal into mind and heart; and perhaps it is in great part because Dickens's books are still so much read, because one sees edition after edition scattered over town and country homes, that one cannot wholly despair of this new England which tries so hard to be unlike the old.

fortable, round-backed chair, at the book-shelves behind; I began to ask myself how books were written, and how the men lived who wrote them. It is my last glimpse of childhood. Six months later there was an empty chair in my own home, and the tenor of my life was broken.

When, seven years after this, I somehow found myself amid the streets of London, it was a minor matter to me, a point by the way, that I had to find the means of keeping myself alive; what I chiefly thought of was that now at length I could go hither or thither in London's immensity, seeking for the places which had been made known to me by Dickens. Previous short visits



"BLEAK HOUSE," BROADSTAIRS
(Where Dickens often stayed and worked)

had eased my mind about the sights that everyone must see; I now had leisure to wander among the byways, making real to my vision what hitherto had been but names and insubstantial shapes. A map of the town lay open on my table, and amid its close printed mazes I sought the familiar word; then off I set, no matter the distance, to see and delight myself. At times, when walking with other thoughts, I would come upon a discovery; the name at a street-corner would catch my eye and thrill me. Thus, one day in the City, I found myself at the entrance to Bevis Marks! I had just been making an application in reply to some advertisement—of course, fruitlessly; but what was that disappointment compared with the discovery of Bevis Marks! Here dwelt Mr. Brass, and Sally, and the Marchioness. Up and down the little street, this side and that, I went gazing and dreaming. No press of busy folk disturbed me; the place was quiet; it looked, no doubt, much the same as when Dickens knew it. I am not sure that I had any dinner that day, but, if not, I dare say I did not mind it very much.

London of twenty years ago differed a good deal from the London of to-day; it was still more unlike the town in which Dickens lived when writing

his earlier books; but the localities which he made familiar to his readers were, on the whole, those which had undergone least change. If Jacob's Island and Folly Ditch could no longer be seen, the river side showed many a spot sufficiently akin to them, and was everywhere suggestive of Dickens; I had but to lean, at night, over one of the City bridges, and the broad flood spoke to me in the very tones of the master. The City itself, Clerkenwell, Gray's-Inn Road, the Inns of Court—these places remained much as of old. To this day, they would bear for me something of that old association; but four and twenty years ago, when I had no London memories of my own, they were simply the scenes of Dickens's novels, with all remoter history enriching their effect on the great writer's page. The very atmosphere declared him; if I gasped in a fog, was it not Mr. Guppy's "London particular"?—if the wind pierced me under a black sky, did I not see Scrooge's clerk trotting off to his Christmas Eve in Somers Town? We bookish people have our consolations for the life we do not live. In time I came to see London with my own eyes, but how much better when I saw it with those of Dickens!

Forster's biography told me where to look for the novelist's homes and

haunts. I sought out Furnival's Inn, where he wrote "Pickwick"; the little house near Guilford Street, to which he moved soon after his marriage; Devonshire Place, in Marylebone Road, where he lived and worked for many years. But Forster did me another and a greater service; from the purchase of his book dates a second period of my Dickens memories, different in kind and in result from those which are concerned with the contents of the novels. At this time I had begun my attempts in the art of fiction; much of my day was spent in writing, and often enough it happened that such writing had to be done amid circumstances little favorable to play of the imagination, or intentness of the mind. Then it was that the "Life of Dickens" came to my help. When I was tired and discouraged and seemed to have lost interest in my work, I took down Forster and read at random, sure to come upon something which restored my spirits and renewed the zest which had failed me. Merely as the narrative of a wonderfully active, zealous, and successful life, this book scarce has its equal; almost any reader must find it exhilarating; but to me it yielded such special sustenance as, in those days, I could not have found elsewhere, and, lacking which, I should perhaps have failed by the way. I am not referring to Dickens's swift triumph, to his resounding fame and high prosperity; these things are cheery to read about, especially when shown in a light so human, with

the accompaniment of such geniality and mirth. No; the pages which invigorated me were those where one sees Dickens at work, alone at his writing-table, absorbed in the task of the story-teller. Constantly he makes known to Forster how his story is getting on, speaks in detail of difficulties, rejoices over spells of happy labor; and what splendid sincerity in it all! If this work of his was not worth doing, why, nothing was. A troublesome letter has arrived by the morning's post and threatens to spoil the day; but he takes a few turns up and down the room, shakes off the worry, and sits down to write for hours and hours. He is at the seaside, his desk at a sunny bay window overlooking the shore, and there all the morning he writes with gusto, ever and again bursting into laughter at his own thoughts. A man of method, too, with no belief in the theory of casual inspiration; fine artist as he is, he goes to work regularly, punctually; one hears of breakfast advanced by a quarter of an hour, that the morning's session may be more fruitful.

Well, this it was that stirred me, not to imitate Dickens as a novelist, but to follow afar off his example as a worker. From this point of view, the debt I owe to him is incalculable. Among the best of my memories are those moments under a lowering sky when I sought light in the pages of his biographer, and rarely sought in vain.

"He" replied the Dodge "not here. for this
ain't the shop for justice, besides which my
attorney is a breakfasting this morning with
the Vice President of the House of Commons, but
I shall have something to say ^{change} ~~to~~ ~~him~~ and
so will be



Even Yet

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

*"But I appeal!" So, after sentence heard,
Said one to Philip on his judgment-throne.
"To whom?" astounded at the audacious word,
Asked the proud monarch, menace in his tone.*

*"From Philip drunk to Philip sober!" he
Firmly replied, and by his firmness won.
Will now my mighty mother country be
Indulgent toward the boldness of a son,*

*Who dares even yet implore her to revise
Her counsels in this crisis of her fate?
Will she not listen to herself more wise,
Weighing and doubting, ere it be too late?*

*'Strong am I, yea—but is my heart so pure
That I can safely, with good hope to speed,
Become knight-errant nation, and endure
Whatever hardship for whatever need?*

*'Would that I were indeed so pure in heart!
Then I might hope to be so calmly wise
That I could dare assume such glorious part,
A championship that all should recognize.*

*'Perhaps, perhaps—long years of waiting hence,
Waiting, and high endeavor, and purged aim—
Aim purged of mean ambition and pretence—
I might aspire thus nobly without blame.*

*'A nation wise, beneficent, and just,
From sinuous ways and selfish purpose clear,
An umpire nation that all nations trust,
A potent nation that all nations fear,—*

'These in one nation, and that nation I—
The summit of ideal and the crown!
Something it is to have conceived so high;
Ah, to achieve that arduous fair renown!

'Nay, tempt me not; I am not worthy, wait;
I must not too audaciously aspire;
Let me become myself a blameless state,
Fine gold thrice born from the refiner's fire.

'So I, not as if grasping at mine own,
With usurpation rash in flattered pride,
But, like a sovereign welcomed to his throne,
Unenvied to my seat of power might ride.

'Though, were I such a nation, and my peers,
Were my peers such as to salute me such,
And, taking counsel of no jealous fears,
Acclaim me to a place that meant so much—

'Would there be longer need of such a power
To mediate among nations and make peace?
Who will desire, for his defence, a tower
Of strength and refuge, when oppressions cease?

'Meantime, until that golden day shall dawn
Of universal justice and good will,
Were it not well for me to bide withdrawn
From all their jars and conflicts, strong and still,

'And be one nation among nations free
From sordid greed of gain at others' cost,
Equal to rapine, as all men might see,
Yet never once with thought of rapine crossed;

'The image of a meek and mighty state,
Pacific power majestic in repose,
Breathing, with air as confident as fate,
Serene, secure unconsciousness of foes!'



Essays Worth Reading

By A. I. du P. COLEMAN

THOSE of us whose habit (whose good fortune, if you like) it is to live much among books, especially if, with Lamb, we generally "r-r-read the old ones," have a hearty welcome for any adequate fresh treatment of the friends whom we have known so long; and the consecutive reading of such a half-dozen as those whose titles appear at the bottom of these pages is not a task but a pleasure.

The very desultory order, it is true, in which Professor Saintsbury and his colleagues are treating their periods of European literature gives one a curious sense of standing on one's head, when one has read and reviewed Mr. Hannay's "Later Renaissance" nearly four years ago, and comes only now to examine the "Earlier Renaissance,"* as covered by the distinguished editor of the series. But that is the only feeling of discomfort to which the reader of this particular book is exposed. If one may (in spite of Mr. Churton Collins's recent general distribution of censure among his fellow-workmen) still take leave to regard Mr. Saintsbury as the first of living English critics, it may be recognized at once as equal to his reputation. While its limits of space prevent it from being as full, and the intangible remoteness of its period from being as vivid, as his delightful treatment of nineteenth-century authors, which will bear even a second and a third reading better, for sheer readableness, than most modern novels, yet the other qualities which mark every line of his work are here constantly present. The style is, indeed, not always absolutely clear, but this is a defect of these very qualities; he has so much to say, and knows so exactly what he means, that he packs every sentence with all the qualification it needs to make it a correct statement of due scientific precision. One can hardly afford to skip

a single word, for each lightest touch is meant to tell on the finished picture. The wonderful equipment of the man is demonstrated abundantly by this book, dealing as it does with the whole range of European literature in the period, not merely with Ariosto and Rabelais, with Wyatt and Surrey, with Luther and Calvin, but descending to the *minutiae* of the pseudo-classical Latin verse of humanism; and with each minor writer he names he has a first-hand acquaintance, and has weighed each in the just balance of his critical mind. He never forgets that he is there to judge; never wanders off into that primrose path of easy writing which opens before those who believe with Mr. Le Gallienne that criticism is the art of praise; and, though he avows many a pleasant prejudice, never allows one of them for a moment to interfere with his judicial attitude. Of course he does not write for the masses — by his use of technical terms he assumes a certain preparation to understand him; and not one of the least charming of his traits is the manner in which he turns even this at times into an implicit compliment to the reader, as though he should say (with the kindly, humorous twinkle of the eyes behind the spectacles, so easily imagined by those who know his face only from pictures), "Of course you will know what I mean by that—I need not give a diagram for you."

The fundamental unhappiness of Professor Matthews's book* is the extremely minute character of the matters upon which he dwells. Like the verbal critic of Mallet's satire, he steps forth

Of points and letters, chaff and straws to write,
For trifles eager, positive, and proud.

The very title of his book proclaims his preoccupation with details, and it is abundantly justified by the contents.

* "The Earlier Renaissance." By George Saintsbury, M.A., Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

* "Parts of Speech: Essays on English." By Brander Matthews, Professor in Columbia University. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Busily, for example, he goes from one long-established author to another, politely anxious to remove from their eyes motes which he is sure must be very annoying to them. Thus, in his "Inquiry as to [what he calls] Rime," he stands austere over Poe and Whittier and Holmes, over Lovelace and Kipling, Tennyson and Browning, flourishing a ruler inscribed "Defect in craftsmanship" for their chastisement. By a happy coincidence (in the book here noticed) his brother of Edinburgh deals with just this sort of criticism in his own serene and satisfying fashion. "When purists in England tell us," he says quietly, "that Chaucer might have selected a better dialect, that Shakespeare's English is not quite correct, that Dryden wants a stricter and purer grammar, we say, if we are wise, 'Perhaps,' and pass on." But although (or *altho*, as he prefers to write it) Mr. Matthews is at times theoretically much in favor of latitude, yet such a rigorist position as that to which he comes back after all his professions of tolerance must expose him to a searching scrutiny of his own parts of speech. There is one particular substantive, of his invention so far as I know, which recurs not infrequently in this book, and provokes a protest at each recurrence. It is the unfortunate and utterly impossible locution "Briticism" of which he is so fond—though he has not pushed his fondness so far as to speak of "Britic" novelists or poets. Happily the thing shows no signs of spreading beyond the classic precincts of Columbia. Professor Carpenter, with a loyal *esprit de corps*, uses it boldly; and it is he precisely who is quoted by his colleague in these pages to the effect that "what a large body of reputable people recognize as a proper word or a proper meaning of a word cannot be denied its right to a place in the English vocabulary." Now, while no one would forget for a moment that Messrs. Matthews and Carpenter are eminently reputable, they cannot by any stretch of courtesy be called a large body. The tailors of Tooley Street were at least three when they issued a proclamation in the name of

the people of England; but I fear that it would take more than one extra professor to render "Briticism" tolerable.

Mr. Brownell's book,* dealing with Thackeray, Carlyle, George Eliot, Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, and Mr. Meredith, is the most thoroughly digested and original of all those which we are considering,—the one which is best worth reading for its own sake, as a substantive contribution to literature. Its finished style carries one along pleasantly, even when one is indisposed for the exertion necessary to appropriate the result of his rather abstract reasoning. The best chapter, perhaps, is that on Arnold, with whom Mr. Brownell has more affinity both as thinker and writer than with some of the others. The book is really handicapped, for the reader who is not very painstaking, by the tendency to abstraction already mentioned, and by the author's experience as a critic in quite another field of art; it bristles with technical terms borrowed from the "shop" of the art-school or analogies with painting—sometimes illuminating (as when he asserts that Carlyle's style has a thread running through it "always brilliantly plain—like a streak of scarlet through a tangle of green") but more often confusing.

Professor Beers deserves commendation for merits the very opposite of Mr. Brownell's. In this sequel† to his earlier work on the foreshadowings, in the eighteenth century, of the romanticism which is so familiar to us, he makes, as befits his subject, no attempt to shine as an original writer. What he does is to give us in a compact form the result of a vast amount of reading and of clear and orderly thinking—the latter displayed by the exceedingly lucid and convincing way in which he assembles exactly the right references in the right context, and furnishes between the covers of this book all that is necessary for forming the conclusions to which he himself has been led by years of study. From this point of

* "Victorian Prose Masters." By W. C. Brownell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

† "A History of English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century." By Henry A. Beers. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.75 net.

view, his chapters on the Romantic School in Germany and Movement in France are particularly valuable, as enabling those whose reading is not so wide to appraise the reciprocal influences which were passing to and fro between England and the Continent in the first third of the nineteenth century. Thus he enables us vividly to realize that great scene to which Stevenson alludes when he crowns his stirring description of the employments proper to youth with "to wait all day in the theatre to applaud *Hernani*." But Mr. Beers does not only make a brilliant picture for us of the generous young Romantics, with Gautier in his famous *gilet rouge* at their head: in a few pages he gives the gist of the contention on one side and the other, and makes it beautifully clear what the battle was all about. In the closing chapter, on Tendencies and Results, he displays the same sureness of touch in subordinate subjects lying a little outside his proper field, and is accurate and convincing in his treatment of the Oxford Movement, the revival of Gothic architecture, and the Socialism of Kingsley, Ruskin, and Morris.

On Dr. Garnett's and Mr. Birrell's books one need not stop so long, as the whole of the former and three fifths of the latter are merely the reproduction in convenient permanent form of matter previously made public in one form or another,—of lectures, of magazine articles, and of introductions to "Works." The "Ex-Librarian's" knowledge of his subjects is sufficient justification for him in reprinting what he has written. Shakespearean students will recognize with pleasure a revised version of his theory as to the date and occasion of "The Tempest," which he admits was not received with acquiescence when it was first put forth twelve or fifteen years ago, but which has probably made many converts since in Dr. Furness's edition of the play. The essay "On Translating Homer" deals with a still thornier subject. Mr.

Lang has said that "probably no translator will ever please any one but himself," and certainly neither Matthew Arnold's hexameters nor Dr. Garnett's rhymed heroics can be excepted from this radical law; nor does the latter take sufficient account of the "fourteener" or ballad metre of Chapman three centuries ago and Professor Blackie in our own day, which seems to me, at least, to come nearer than the other *media* to reproducing the swiftness and the swing and the sweep of the Greek hexameter. An essay of singular interest is that on a subject as fresh as the other is worn by much contention—the intellectual relations between two such apparently dissimilar men as Shelley and Lord Beaconsfield.

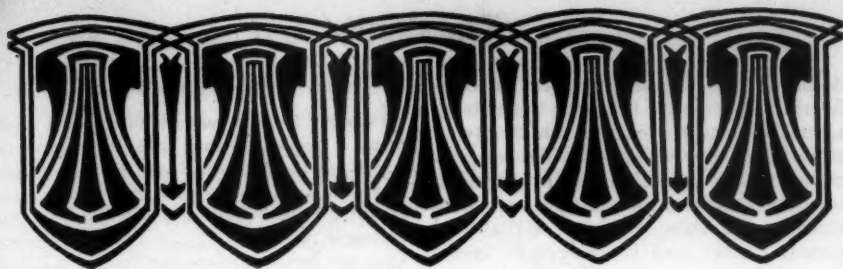
Mr. Birrell is here* the same Mr. Birrell as of old—very Scotch, pleasantly discursive, and usually genial. He can have made himself no friends among ardent Anglicans, to be sure, by the essay in which, with his cold North-British logic, he discusses the question, "What, then, did happen at the Reformation?" and concludes from the position of a dispassionate looker-on that

a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of Church property from one body to another, and that from thenceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either Church authority or Church discipline.

But those who, for this or other reasons, do not like him, need not therefore eschew the book altogether; his habit of generous quotation will provide them with plenty of alternative refreshment. Thus, more than one half of the essay on Walter Bagehot is made up of extracts from the subject's writings; but one need not quarrel with the method in this particular case, as Bagehot is a writer who deserves to be far better known than he is, both in this country and in England.

*"Essays of an Ex-Librarian." By Richard Garnett. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.75 net.

*"Essays and Addresses." By Augustine Birrell. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.00 net.



Copyright Procedure

Some Misapprehensions

By HERBERT PUTNAM

THE procedure requisite to the entry of an article for copyright under the laws of the United States is extremely simple. It does not require the mediation of an expert, nor the services of a lawyer. An applicant has merely to write to the office indicating the nature of the article sought to be copyrighted and requesting the necessary blanks. These will be furnished him without charge. They carry with them full directions. He fills them out and forwards them with the fee prescribed, and in due course receives his certificate. Should he desire the precise letter of the law upon which his rights are based, he can have for the asking a pamphlet issued by the office containing every statute relating to copyright ever enacted in the United States.

The procedure is thus in itself simple. There exist, however, certain misapprehensions concerning it, its detail and effect. These misapprehensions are very general, and they persist in spite of repeated explanations from the Copyright Office.

They appear due to a confusion in the minds of the public between copyright, patent right, and the monopoly in a trade mark or a trade name.

Now the monopoly in a trade name is a monopoly at common law. But the monopoly in an invention or discovery is purely the result of statute—a privilege granted by the crown or the state; and the monopoly in a trade mark or in a published book, while

historically it may have had a certain recognition in common law, is now so particularly the creature of statute that no claimant of it appeals to any but the statutory provisions in the enforcement of his claim.

The statute which confers his monopoly defines and limits it; and it requires of him the strictest compliance with a certain procedure which it prescribes. The omission of any detail will be fatal. In copyright, for instance, the author may have every claim of originality; he may have filed his application; he may have filed printed copies of his title; he may have paid the fee; he may even have secured the usual certificate,—he may have taken every step to this point and yet be thrown out of court unless he can show that he has in addition deposited the two copies of the book itself required to be deposited—two copies of the “best edition,”—and that he has deposited them “not later than the day of publication.”*

That copyright and patent right should seem to the public identical in nature and in vigor is by no means strange. They both rest upon that clause of the Constitution which authorizes Congress “to promote the progress of science and the useful arts by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and

* Under the law of Great Britain registration at Stationers' Hall is a legal requirement only as a preliminary to a suit for infringement. It need not be made until the eve of the suit.

discoveries"; they each confer (or confirm) a monopoly; they are both to be secured through processes which have a superficial resemblance. These processes result in each case in the issue over the seal of a federal official of a certificate, and this certificate, equally in patent causes and in copyright, is accepted in court as a *prima-facie* evidence of title.

In fact, the procedures in the two cases differ,—what is required of the applicant, what is required of the office,—and the certificates issued differ correspondingly in phraseology and implication. But this is apparent only by comparison; and such a comparison is little apt to be made by an author who is not also an inventor and familiar with the usages of the Patent Office.

The registration of trade marks is in part provided for by the individual States. But so far as the trade marks are to be used in foreign commerce, or with the Indian tribes, it is now provided for by Congress also under its authority to regulate such commerce; and within the area of its application the federal procedure relating to trade marks is assimilated to that relating to patents. The certificate also of registration of a trade mark is held to be presumptive evidence of ownership, with all in the way of privilege that this implies.

But between patent right, copyright, and trade mark there are differences, due to procedure, which (since the rights rest on procedure) are differences not merely in form but in kind. They will appear from an examination of the statutes.

THE PRIVILEGE ITSELF:

Patents. The inventor or discoverer (or his assignee, etc.) of any "new and useful" art, etc., "may upon payment of the fees required by law, and other due proceedings had, obtain a patent therefor." (R. S., Sec. 4886.)

Trade Marks. "The owners of trade marks used in commerce with foreign nations or with the Indian tribes may obtain registration thereof." (Act approved March 31, 1881.)

Copyright. "The author, inventor, designer, or proprietor of any book, etc., shall, upon complying with the provision of this chapter, have the sole liberty of printing, publishing, and vending the same."

THE APPLICATION:

Patents. The application is to consist of a petition, a specification, and, when appropriate, a model, drawing, and ingredients, and "the applicant shall make oath that he does verily believe himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art, etc. . . . ; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever before known or discovered." (R. S., Sec. 4892.) The oath must be by the inventor or discoverer. One by an assignee will not suffice.

Trade Marks. The application must include "a description of the trade mark itself, with fac-similes thereof, and a statement of the mode in which the same is applied and affixed to goods, and the length of time during which the trade mark has been used." And an oath that the applicant "has at the time a right to the use of the trade mark sought to be registered, and that no other person, firm, or corporation has the right to use such, either in the identical form or in any such near resemblance thereto as might be calculated to deceive." (Act March 31, 1881.)

Copyright. "No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, on or before the day of publication in this or any foreign country, deliver to the office of the Librarian of Congress or deposit in the mail, within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, a printed copy of the title of the book, map, etc. . . . or a description of the painting, etc. . . . nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of publication, etc., deposit two copies of such copyright book, map," etc. (R. S., Sec. 4956, as amended.)

In the case of copyright, therefore, there is no prescription as to the form of the application; there is no oath required, there is not even required an affirmation, that the article is original or otherwise a just subject of copyright. In fact, the form of application in use, provided by the Copyright Office, requires only the barest recital. A "proprietor" applying does not even have to name the author.

THE PROCEDURE IN THE OFFICE:

Patents. "On the filing of any such application and the payment of the fees required by law, the Commissioner of Patents shall cause an examination to be made of the alleged new invention or discovery; and if on such examination it appears that the claimant is justly entitled to a patent under the law and that the same is sufficiently useful and important, the Commissioner shall issue a patent therefor." (R. S., Sec. 4893.)

And in case of apparent interference the Commissioner

"shall direct the primary examiner to proceed to determine the question of priority of invention," and "may issue a patent to the party who is adjudged the prior inventor." (R. S., Sec. 4904.)

Trade Marks. "No alleged trade mark shall be registered . . . which is merely the name of the applicant, nor which is identical with a registered or known trade mark owned by another, and appropriate to the same class of merchandise, or which so nearly resembles some other person's lawful trade mark as to be likely to cause confusion or mistake in the mind of the public or deceive purchasers. In an application for registration the Commissioner of Patents shall decide the presumptive lawfulness of claim to the alleged trade mark." (Act March 3, 1881, Sec. 3.)

Copyrights. "The Librarian of Congress shall record the name of such copyright book or other article, forthwith, in a book to be kept for that purpose, in the words following": (R. S., Sec. 4957).

Here is no injunction on the Librarian to examine into the presumptive lawfulness of the claim; no authority in him to adjudicate as between different claimants. There is no authority in him to reject an application for copyright because of a resemblance which may cause confusion in the mind of the public or deceive purchasers. There is no such authority even if the book is in title and appears to be in substance identical with a book already entered. There is none because it appears to be neither new, useful, nor of literary value. The utility of a patent "is negated if the function proposed by the inventor is injurious to the morals, the health, or the good order of society."* But the Librarian of Congress has never undertaken to reject a manuscript proffered for copyright because it appears injurious to the morals, the health, or the good order of society. His function, as prescribed by statute, is purely administrative. It approximates that of a Register of Deeds, who does not refuse to enter a conveyance from C to D of a certain tract merely because a conveyance from A to B of the same tract had been received and entered on the day preceding.

As an expert has said, referring to a particular case: "The Librarian of Congress, not being a judicial officer in any sense, was not required to pass upon the legality of copyrighting the thing presented to him for that purpose. The fee was paid: the act was done."*

THE CERTIFICATE ISSUED:

Patents. "Every patent shall contain a short title or description of the invention or discovery, correctly indicating its nature and design, and a grant to the patentee, his heirs or assigns (for the term of seventeen years), of the exclusive right to make, use, or vend the invention or discovery." (R. S., Sec. 4884.)

And the certificate actually recites: "Whereas upon due examination made the said claimant is adjudged to be justly entitled to a patent under the law; now therefore these letters patent are to grant unto the said," etc.

Trade Marks. The form certifies that the trade mark "has been duly registered . . . protection therefore will remain in force for 30 years from said date." (Act March 3, 1881, Sec. 4.)

Copyrights. Section 4957, prescribing the form of office entry, adds that the "Librarian shall give a copy of the title or description, under the seal of the Librarian of Congress, to the proprietor whenever he shall require it."

The certificate is in form identical with the entry itself:

"Be it remembered that on — [A. B.] has deposited in this office the title of a [book], the title or description of which is in the following words, to wit: . . . the right whereof he claims as [author or proprietor] in conformity with the laws of the United States respecting Copyrights."

This is the document which is accepted in court as conferring upon the plaintiff a *prima-facie* title. It is a bare recital. It contains no grant; it certifies in no way to the legality of the claim entered. It certifies merely to the fact that a *claim* has been entered in the Copyright Office at such a date, and certain formalities therein complied with. It is not complete even as to the procedure requisite; for it contains no mention of the two copies of the article whose deposit "on or before date of publication" is essential to complete the entry.

The phraseology of the copyright

* Bedford vs. Hunt, 1 Mason 301 (1817).

* "Browne on Trade Marks," Sec. 109.

certificate is carefully limited and accords strictly with the facts. But its limitation is little apt to be discovered by its holder, who unless professionally interested has probably given no consideration to the procedure of the office upon which it was based. He has secured no adjudication of his claim, and no grant. He has secured decidedly less than the holder of letters patent. He cannot complain, for less was required of him. He put in a claim. He was not required to prove it. He was not even required to make oath to it. He gets in return only a clerical service. But this is all he pays for. For his entry for copyright he pays fifty cents (if a foreigner one dollar), as against thirty-five dollars at least for a patent, twenty-five dollars for a trade mark, six dollars for a print or label.*

He gets, therefore, all the service that may reasonably be expected, and gets it with small labor, little formality, and slight delay. He may not, therefore, complain.

It is the public, rather, that may justly complain. The author, having secured his certificate, immediately claps "Copyrighted" upon his book and puts it upon the market. This seems to claim, and does in general secure to him, an exclusive privilege which should imply an adjudication, but which has not, in fact, been the result of it. "Patented" upon a commodity, "Copyrighted" upon a book, both assert a monopoly and warn against infringement. But while the former rests upon an adjudication and a grant, the latter rests upon the mere assertion, *ex parte*, of the person interested.

It is, however, the author himself whose complaint is frequent and lively. The office has "misled" him. It has given him reason to think his monopoly secure, when in fact, as it subsequently proves, he is himself an infringer. He enters his application, receives his certificate, publishes his book, and puts it upon the market;

* The book or other article deposited to perfect copyright may in many cases have a value exceeding these fees. But they are not applied to the maintenance of the Copyright Office. It is only the cash fee which goes to recompense the office for the service rendered. The article is for identification and the additional security of the author or proprietor.

and only then, in the least agreeable way (*i. e.*, through a suit for infringement), gets notice that his claim conflicts with another's. Why were not the records of the office examined, this conflict ascertained, and himself informed of it? Why was there *not* an adjudication? At the least, why was he not notified that a work of a similar *title* had been entered in advance of his?

Now here is a delusion—and a very common one. It is that the title itself has been copyrighted.* The title of a book is not a subject of copyright. What is copyrighted is the book itself—the literary product. The exclusive right to the use of a particular title cannot be secured under the copyright law. If it can be secured at all, it can be secured only under the law relating to trade marks; or—very occasionally—by invocation of the general powers of a court of equity. In the former case it must be registered as a trade mark and it must have all the properties of a trade mark;—it must, for instance, be "arbitrary," "non-descriptive" of the article,†—and yet exclusive in its application to the particular goods of this author. In the latter case, to invoke the aid of equity he must show such a misuse as constitutes a fraud.‡

Two works may have the same title and in no sense infringe, while two works entered under different titles may infringe. An examination of the records of the office limited to the titles alone would, therefore, contribute little.§

But why not go back of the title? Why should not the office examine into the subject matter itself and advise him of conflict? The Patent Office does; why not the Copyright Office?

* A delusion, doubtless, fostered by the present procedure, which entitles the applicant to a certificate upon the filing of the title alone.

† An author may contrive a title that is arbitrary; can he, without peril from the critics, select one that is non-descriptive?

‡ For this he must show that the title is applied in such a way as to deceive the public. This involves the subject matter of the article itself, its form, the circumstances surrounding its sale, and even its price; in other words, considerations far beyond the title alone.

§ Such an examination is, however, often made as a matter of courtesy. It may be useful to the applicant in enabling him to avoid the use of a well-worn title even within his rights. He may particularly wish to avoid this in the case of a play, where the novelty of the title may induce interest, and the use of a title associated with a previously unpopular performance may prejudice it.

Well, there are some practical difficulties. The Copyright Office has but forty-five employees at its disposal; the Patent Office has nearly seven hundred. The Copyright Office has experts in copyright procedure; but does not profess to maintain experts in copyright law. Of the seven hundred employees of the Patent Office, two hundred are examiners, and of these thirty-six are experts competent to *adjudicate*.

The area of search in the Patent Office consists of about seven hundred thousand United States patents, one million two hundred and fifty thousand foreign patents, and seventy-four thousand volumes of scientific works in the Patent Office library.* The area of search in the Copyright Office would have to cover: (1) the entries and articles since 1870—about one million two hundred thousand in number; (2) the entries and articles between 1790 and 1870 in the District Courts, of which even the entries in existence are incomplete, and the articles themselves—*i. e.*, the books—are only in part in existence or procurable; and (3) finally, upon the question of originality, the entire mass of published matter since the invention of printing.

The area of search would thus be in a measure as great as in the Patent Office. And it would be, in difficulty, greater. The subject-matter of inventions and discoveries is highly technical. But for this very reason it is capable of exact precision in statement. The examiner in the Patent Office has before him, as part of the application, a design, specifications, and sometimes a model or "ingredients."

Now if the author would be prepared to furnish with his manuscript a model, or the ingredients, or even specifications!

Once in a while in his introduction he approximates to a specification of what he proposes to write:

Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly Goddess, sing!

Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour
Sprung the fierce strife—etc.

* Report of Commissioner for the year ending December 31, 1899.

Or as thus:

I propose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount [the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry from the house of Stuart]. I shall trace [the course of that revolution, etc.]. I shall relate [how—etc.]. Nor will it be less my duty faithfully to record—etc., etc.

But would Homer or Macaulay be content to rest his claim to copyright on specifications such as these? In truth an author though occasionally thus venturing the prophecy as to what he proposes to do, generally prefers to leave to the critics to say what he *has* done.

He must put in a claim of originality: upon what shall it rest? Shall it rest upon the plot?—But in what desperate straits would this leave the Trollopes and the Jameses! Shall it rest upon the novelty of the characters?—But has human nature changed since Shakespeare and Walter Scott—or indeed since Homer himself?

Shall it rest upon the novelty of some art or process described?—But you cannot *copyright* an art or a process.

Shall it rest upon the novelty in general of the ideas?—But you cannot copyright your mere idea; your neighbor may take it and "work it out in a different way," and even secure a copyright on his different way.

Shall it rest on the style?—But the style is indissoluble from the thing itself; you cannot exhibit it in a model, or description.

No, the thing you copyright is not the title, the subject, the plot, the characters, the style, the ideas, the opinions: it is a composite of these (and other elements), estimable only by a reference to itself.

The examiner in copyright would have to compare the books themselves. And then his task would have perplexities to which the patent examiner is not subject. There can be *no* use of a patented thing without consent of the patentee. *Any* use is an infringement. In the case of books there may be various uses which will constitute *no* infringement. Quotations will not,

necessarily, nor extracts, nor an abridgment, nor a recomposition, nor another work based on the same common materials. It has even been held (though it would no longer be) that a prose translation would not be an infringement of a copyrighted poem.

Prodigious, therefore, and most perplexing would be the work of the copyright examiner, and most tedious. Meantime the author is in a frenzy to publish, and the publisher to take advantage of a favorable market. There is no caveat which will secure to them the market that is slipping away from them with the changing whim of the public.

So the function of the Copyright Office remains the purely administrative one: to record claims, not to adjudicate them. Should there be conflicts, should these conflicts involve interests pecuniarily important, there will be an adjudication in the courts. But that in general they do not, appears from a comparison of the volume of copyright litigation with the volume of patent litigation. During the past ten years there have been three times as many entries for copyright as there have been patents issued and reissued. But during the same period there have been less than one twenty-fifth as many

copyright causes as there have been of patent causes, tried in the Federal Courts.*

From these figures it is apparent how extravagant would be a preliminary adjudication upon every application for copyright, for the sake of avoiding a conflict which, though it may often occur, so rarely inflicts a pecuniary damage sufficient to justify an appeal to the courts.

The present copyright laws of the United States are inadequate in expression, careless in definition, not fully consistent within themselves. Their administration with full satisfaction to authors, publishers, or other proprietors of literary popularity, is impossible. The perplexities of the Copyright Office would, however, be considerably diminished by a clear understanding on the part of the public of those elementary distinctions which I have endeavored to point out in this article. A commission may reduce the laws themselves to proper and consistent form; it is not likely to abolish the limitations which distinguish the procedure in copyright from that in the Patent Office.

* The figures are: "Copyright entries, 1890-1900, 728,053; patents (issues and re-issues), 208,200. Copyright causes, 1890-1900, 87; patent causes, 2,102. The trade-mark causes during the same period numbered 208.



The Making of Jacob A. Riis.

By JOSEPH B. GILDER.

NOTHING could be easier than to write a disparaging notice of this autobiography. In the first place it is egotistical: it fairly bristles with "I's." I did this; I did that; I thought so and so, and was right, and the world has come round to my way of thinking. This will exasperate some readers. Others will stand amazed at the author's utter lack of reserve in telling the story of his courtship, and will revolt at his allusions to "curls and longeyelashes" in the kitchen. Others, still, will be amused by the awkward English of many a sentence, due, no doubt, to the author's habit of writing as he speaks, and not revising his work with a view to the way it will look when printed. These faults are to be found abundantly in "The Making of an American,"* and for some people they will spoil the book. Those whom they may affect that way have our profound sympathy—and commiseration.

We ourselves have found the egotism too pronounced now and then; have wondered how any man could tell all about his love-affairs (and let his wife retell the story from her point of view); and have laughed at the clumsiness of phraseology here and there. But when all this has been granted—and it is a good deal, we admit—there remains enough, and more than enough, to balance it ten times over. An autobiography that is not egotistical hardly deserves to be called an autobiography at all. If an author is to suppress his personality in telling the story of his life, he should leave the writing of it to other hands. Egotism is to autobiography what nicotine is to tobacco. The personality of Mr. Riis is an exceptionally interesting and attractive one, and the frankness of his self-revelation is the chief merit of his book. The rehearsal of the romance of his life shows merely the defect of an admirable quality: it is due to an overplus

of the frankness that is one of his finest traits. "The philosophy of the too much" adequately accounts for it. The slipshod English is a minor matter. That it is due to carelessness, and not to the author's foreign birth, is shown by the excellence of the style in which by far the greater part of the book is written.

The story of Mr. Riis's life would have afforded a congenial theme to his illustrious countryman, Hans Andersen, (of whom, by the way, he relates an anecdote here less well than he tells it orally). It reads like a veritable fairy-tale. A native of Ribe, Denmark, he disappointed the hope of his father, a school-teacher, that he should become a man-of-letters, by choosing the career of a carpenter; and when, in his youth, he himself was disappointed, as a suitor, he came in the steerage to America. During the first six years of his struggle with poverty, he became only too well acquainted with the slums of New York, and the large share he bore in after years in the abolition of the police lodging-houses and the wiping-out of Mulberry Bend was due in no small degree to his early experiences on the East Side. Having tried day-laboring, carpentry, mining, the doing of "chores," lecturing, muskratting, "travelling in" furniture, flatirons, etc., and what not, he had pretty well settled down to journalism when the way was opened for him to go back to Denmark and take unto himself a wife. From that time, almost to the present, his waking hours have been spent as a reporter in Mulberry Street, New York, opposite Police Headquarters; and his work in behalf of the poor, in connection with tenement-house reform, the improvement of schoolhouses, the creation of parks and playgrounds, etc., has been incidental to the pursuit of his profession as a journalist. As a writer for the magazines and as a lecturer, he has been deservedly successful, and his "How the Other Half Lives," which

*"The Making of an American." By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated, 2 vols. Macmillan, \$2.00 net.

made a veritable sensation on its first appearance, eleven years ago, is still a popular book.

One might have thought that in this and his later works, "The Children of the Poor," "A Ten Years' War," and "Out of Mulberry Street," he would have exhausted his material. Far from it. "The Making of an American" is a book of absorbing interest, and should hold its own even longer than the picture of slum conditions that made its author famous. That there is much in a name, he himself realized when he copyrighted the title "How the Other Half Lives" long before there was anything but an idea behind it. And in the case of his present work he has shown the same

felicity of choice or invention as displayed in former volumes.

The unknown immigrant of thirty years ago, who has done more than any one else to alleviate the condition of the poor of New York by revealing their misery to a sympathetic world,—loved and respected now by many thousands of his fellow-citizens,—widely known and admired as an author,—honored by the King to whom he once owed allegiance, and on terms of intimacy with the President of the republic in which he has made his home,—here, indeed, is an "American" worth the "making," and the story of whose lifework, as related by himself, is of intense psychological and political interest.

Some of the More Important Novels

By CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT

LUCAS MALET (Mrs. Harrison) has been writing delightful books for years. Her later work ("The Carissima," "The Gateless Barrier") has been bizarre to the verge—but no farther—of the grotesque, but it was always as exquisite in execution as it was striking in conception. She has produced a number of tales full of thought, feeling, and charm, which were finished works of art as well. Her audience, though enthusiastic, has been comparatively small. The general reader did not find her out.

At last she has written a novel which is sure to be talked about and widely read. "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" * deserves the vogue it is almost sure to have, but, as any student of contemporary fiction can tell you, its gain in the elements that give popularity is necessarily offset by certain loss in its purely artistic quality.

It is the life-history of a strong and normal nature born into a diseased body. Richard is a beautiful and perfect human being down to his knees; below that, a monstrosity. He has an

entirely devoted mother and pitiful friends; he is the hero of one London season and thinks to marry a pretty young girl who engages herself to him because she is told to do so, only to find at last that he is intolerably repulsive and that she loves another man. Richard, thus denied the domestic life he has dreamed of as salvation, plunges into dissipation, his evil genius being a perfect Messalina of a cousin who is certainly the most unmitigatedly evil creature in modern English fiction. In the end he finds the clue whereby we all escape from the fatal labyrinth of personality. Whether a man is whole or maimed, there is but one secret of existence: life begins with self-renunciation, with the slackening of the bonds of desire. That Richard Calmady finds this out makes his story a broadly human one. His chronicler is justified in her choice of a subject, in that his inner life might as easily be that of a supersensitive man as of one deformed.

The book is written at tedious length and with much detail that might well have been spared; at times, also, its realism is revolting. Nevertheless, its

* "The History of Sir Richard Calmady." By Lucas Malet. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

essential tenderness and human insight will carry it into the popular heart.

Let us be candid about it (for would not Elizabeth herself be candid even to scoffing if Iras had written a novel for which she did not care?). Elizabeth's novel is not so absolutely different from all other novels as we hoped. This is not saying that it is not a sweet and entertaining story, full of clever touches and very satisfying descriptions of North-German landscape. It is all that and something more. But from Elizabeth, the happy-hearted and disdainful, we looked for something unexpected, piquing, the suggestion of a new flavor, the lilt of a new melody.

"The Benefactress" * is a high-minded English maiden, as "nice" as a girl can be made, who has lived miserably as a pensioner on her rich sister-in-law's bounty. When a kindly uncle leaves Anna a small estate in Germany she plans to make a dozen dependent spinsters and widows blessed by inviting them to share her new home. They are all to love each other and her, and be happy together. To the gentle Anna this seems a very simple matter! But the Chosen—whose number never gets beyond three—decline to love their benefactress or to dwell amicably together. They are absolutely life-like, petty, squalid souls whose joy lies in endless scrapping. Between them and a pig-headed German overseer and his envious wife, the gentle idealist gets as badly bruised as gentle idealists usually do when brought into direct contact with human nature. However there is a Christian gentleman living on the next estate who is everything that the Chosen are not, and through him Anna's final happiness is assured. What is to become of the dependent women is not so clear. We know they will be tenderly treated, but a lifetime spent in their society seems a deadly doom to which to condemn an unusually amiable young couple.

Dr. Mitchell's new novel * details an episode in the career of an adventuress who temporarily complicates life for a highly respectable Philadelphia family by playing upon the weaknesses of a silly girl and an old man. The good people, who are very intelligent, very narrow, and very dull, are not as grateful as they should be to the sprightly Mrs. Hunter for the filip she gives to their heavy days. They are finally rid of her, but not until the reader has learned to dislike the flawless Mary and the legal-minded Margaret (who manages her husband for his own good and keeps a sharp eye on her uncle's fortune) quite as cordially as he does the shady Mrs. Hunter. The characters are all as genuine and convincing as if Miss Austen had made them, but they are not human or engaging. Indeed, Dr. Mitchell's pictures of good Philadelphians are usually of a quality to tempt the well-born to lay an ax to the roots of the family tree, lest per-adventure they may come to resemble these fruits. The only people in the book who are inherently attractive are the banker who sprang from the soil, and the dear and lovable ladies Markham who take boarders but never acknowledge the fact to themselves. That Dr. Mitchell has written a really absorbing story about entirely unsympathetic people is the best possible demonstration of his skill.

That the young writer should lose his first fine careless rapture is perhaps as inevitable as that the sun should dry up the dew. It is also inevitable that the critic should grumble at the loss.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett began his literary career with such freshness, such fervors, that one may be pardoned for having believed his enthusiasm, his charm, and his mediæval novelties inexhaustible. If ever books overflowed with the joy of youth and morning, they were "Earthwork out of Tuscany" and "The Forest Lovers."

Mr. Hewlett is still mediæval, but

* "The Benefactress." By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

* "Circumstance." By S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co. \$1.50.

with forethought. "New Canterbury Tales"* show no falling-off in workmanship, but in charm, in joyousness, in the quality that takes the reader off his feet, they are hopelessly below his early work. And he is one of the few writers from whom we are justified in demanding perfection.

The new volume contains half a dozen tales supposed to be related by a select company of Canterbury pilgrims. The very suggestion calls up a literary effect like a good piece of mural decoration—something glowing, rich, yet subdued, full of harmonious color and balanced values, a little grotesque in design but all the more beautiful thereby. Obviously Mr. Hewlett would be the very man every one would name at once to carry such a task to successful completion. As a matter of fact, only two of the tales, "St. Gervase of Plessy" and "Peridore and Paravail," reach the standard to which he has taught us to hold him. They have the mediæval atmosphere—that strange mixture of the mystic and the material, often the sensual—and the mediæval color, as we conceive it, to perfection. Just why the other tales, wrought with equal elaboration and painstaking, do not seem to live as these do, it is hard to say. The temperament of a tale, like that of a human being, defies analysis, but it is no less the tale's real self.

Among other twentieth-century miracles, it seems that the leopard can change his spots. We thought we knew Mr. Cable's style, his mannerisms, his charm. He has written a novel in a new style, without man-

nerisms, yet retaining all the old charm.

There was always a striking dissimilarity between Mr. Cable's short stories, clear-cut, rounded, complete as they were, and his long novels, which were, as regards construction, a little loose. They were full of delightful passages, but sometimes the careless reader lost the thread. They were roomy, ample, inviting structures, like rambling old manor-houses that have been added to at will, but they were never architecturally compact. On the other hand, in "Old Creole Days" each tale was a finished artistic whole to which nothing could well be added, from which nothing could be taken away.

"The Cavalier"* is constructed on the latter model. It is well-articulated, definite, and dramatic. The movement is rapid, the arrangement of scenes effective—and yet there is no loss to the fine, ripe flavor of the author's philosophy.

It is a story of the Confederate army in war-time and almost alone among war-stories in that it makes actual the daily life of those engaged in the great struggle. Battle is, after all, but a small part of the soldier's business. It is, of course, a story of love as well as war, and it shows how the development of character and principle is helped by both experiences. Altogether, it is one of the best books the season has given us, and it will make appeal not only to all Mr. Cable's former readers, but to a large portion of that vast new public which buys books so blindly for the hour's amusement. The hour's amusement is surely here, but there is much besides.

* "New Canterbury Tales." By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co. \$1.50.

* "The Cavalier." By George W. Cable. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.



Real Conversations

RECORDED BY WILLIAM ARCHER

Conversation VIII.—With Mr. Spenser Wilkinson

SCENE: *Mr. Wilkinson's Study at Chelsea.* TIME: *A Winter afternoon between 2 and 3.*
Lamps lighted everywhere.

Mr. Wilkinson. You have found your way, then, through the fog?

W. A. Yes. Fortunately, I have a pretty fair sense of locality, and having once got the bearings of a place in my head,

I do not ask to see

The distant scene: one step enough for me.

Mr. Wilkinson. You ought to be a politician—nay, a Minister. Newman's lines have apparently been the watch-word of British statesmanship for several generations.

W. A. That brings me straight to what I want to ask you. I know your ideal statesman: the man who has learned all the lessons history has to teach; the man who views the whole world as a gigantic chess-board, calculates his game many moves ahead, sees clearly all the possible moves of his adversaries, and knows how he will counter them—in short, the new and improved Bismarck for whom you sigh. Well, I want to know whether, in these days of fog and faction, you see him looming anywhere on the horizon?

Mr. Wilkinson. I see from the tone of your question that you are infected with the good old British prejudice in favor of the amateur—at any rate in statesmanship. Oh, don't protest! I know that attitude of mind very well, and I know what is to be said for it. On the whole, we have done far from badly in the past by our pet method of muddling through. I am not myself exempt from the national instinct which tells us that because a thing seems reasonable it is probably wrong. At the same time, I cannot help thinking that both induction and deduction, both history and common sense, point to the simple conclusion that a statesman, like a shoemaker, is all the better for

knowing his business—for knowing the material with which he has to deal, the form he wants to impress upon it, and the surest and most effectual methods of doing so.

W. A. But you do not answer my question?

Mr. Wilkinson. I want first, if possible, to place you at my point of view—to show you that I am not idly clamoring for a "strong man" as a sort of miraculous nostrum for all the ills of the body politic. Far from it! The individual "strong man," in the Carlylean sense, is often a delusion and a snare. The strongest of men must die, and he cannot bequeath his strength to his successors. The system of which he was the one possible keystone crumbles to ruin, and after Oliver Cromwell you have first Richard and then the Restoration. No, what I want—what I work for—is a unified conception of the national life, which shall beget a race of strong men, of far-seeing leaders and capable administrators, wise in council, prompt and resolute in action.

W. A. You think we lack such a conception, then?

Mr. Wilkinson. I know we do. Of patriotism, in the sense of a blind, instinctive chauvinism, we have enough and to spare. But we have not, as a people, any clear realization of the world at large and England's place and function in it. We do not, as a people, realize our duty to the State, nor the State's relation to the other political organisms among which its lot is cast on this little planet. What is the human race? Is it a multitude of individuals?

W. A. Well, Siamese twins excepted, I have always imagined so.

Mr. Wilkinson. It is nothing of the sort. It is a multitude of communities.

"Man is a political animal." The human race is known only in the form of crowds of men always having intercourse and friction with one another. A man, before he is a human being in general, is an Englishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Turk, or what not.

W. A. Ah, you agree with the poet, that

Every boy and every gal
That's born into the world alive
Is either a little Liberal
Or else a little Conservative.

Mr. Wilkinson. I agree with Plato and with Aristotle that the civilizing instrument is the community, the State, the medium in which we all live. The essential condition of the existence of the State is that it should be able to keep its place in the competition which necessarily arises between expanding organisms in a limited space. Therefore the first function of a Government is self-defence; and this process is continuously carried on: in an ordinary way, by diplomacy; at exceptional crises, by war.

W. A. But does not everybody, except the Anarchists, recognize all this?

Mr. Wilkinson. No; during the middle years of the nineteenth century—say from 1830 to 1880—England practically forgot the fact. Whatever party happened to be in power, the dominant ideas of that period were the ideas of the Manchester Liberalism, which, by the way, was my own starting-point. That Liberalism took practically no notice of pressure from without, but regarded the country as shut off from the rest of the world by a ring-fence, and thought of nothing but the organization and development of the community within the magic circle. As it happened, the pressure on the ring-fence was, for a time, very slight. The end of the Napoleonic Wars had left us unassailable. We had the power of doing what we liked in any corner of the earth that touched the sea; we engaged in no wars that seriously mattered to us; anything that could threaten our national existence seemed

infinitely remote. But the years between 1870 and 1880 changed all that, and shattered, or ought to have shattered, the illusions of our Utopia. Germany, which had been divided, became united, and she and other nations began to want to move about in the world. They naturally came in contact with us in every corner, and brought home to us the fact that we had n't a private hemisphere of our own. We found that the sea could by no stretch of metaphor be made to serve as a ring-fence, but was, in fact, a high-road open to all—the medium of intercourse, and therefore also of friction, between different communities. It became a necessity—the indispensable condition even of our internal development—that our external organization, so to speak, should be as complete and efficient as that of any of our neighbors. But this can never be, so long as the ring-fence superstition survives in the national mind.

W. A. And you think it does?

Mr. Wilkinson. Think! I am sure of it. Don't we see it on every hand?—in the notion that England can afford to neglect the simplest precautions for her safety; can afford to go on working by rule of thumb where other nations work by scientific method; can afford to leave to amateurs the functions which other nations entrust only to highly skilled experts. I am the last to deny, mind you, that England has many advantages, in her situation, in her traditions, in her national character. But these advantages will be our ruin if they delude us into the belief that we may be slack where others are strenuous, that we may be somnolent where others are wide awake.

W. A. Well, now, look here—let us go to the root of the matter, and inquire, point by point, how you would build up an efficient England, with that enlightened conception of the national life which you regard—rightly I am sure—as the beginning of political wisdom. At the root of the matter I presume we shall find education. What is your educational programme?

Mr. Wilkinson. That is a large question. Suppose we narrow it by

confining our attention to, roughly speaking, the public-school boy—the boy who is likely to go into the army, the navy, the civil service, one of the professions, or to become a merchant, a manufacturer, a captain of industry.

W. A. Agreed. What do you say, then, to our public-school system?

Mr. Wilkinson. It has certainly its good points. It proceeds upon the excellent idea that "manners maketh the man," and the further excellent idea that games help to lay a sound basis of character. But one thing our public schools do not inculcate, and that is the love of knowledge for its own sake—the most important element in intellectual, as distinct from moral, education.

W. A. "Knowledge for its own sake"—is that quite what you mean? Shouldn't you rather say that they lead a boy to regard knowledge as an ornamental adjunct to life—at most as a key to unlock certain examination doors, and then to be thrown away—not as an indispensable condition of efficiency? They present knowledge as an instrument of culture rather than as a source of power.

Mr. Wilkinson. Put it in that way if you like. At any rate, our public-school system tends to keep a boy wholly out of touch with actuality. It gives him no practical knowledge of the world around him, with its physical, moral, and political phenomena. It crams certain pigeonholes in his mind, leaves others entirely vacant, and makes no attempt to give his acquirements, such as they are, any bearing upon his duties as a citizen of his country or of the world. Even in impressing upon him the notion (often valuable in itself) of "good form," we lay too much stress on "Thou shalt not" and not enough on "Thou shalt." It is by what he does, not by what he leaves undone, that a man becomes great—not by avoiding errors, but by doing great things. We give a boy no help towards forming a vital idea of his purpose in life; yet such an idea is the best possible bracing and steadying influence. As a matter of historical fact, the conception of duty springs entirely

from a man's relation to the community in which he lives.

W. A. In short, according to you, duty is sublimated *esprit de corps*. But is not *esprit de corps* exactly what is acquired at a good English public school?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, but not the realization that the full development of our intellectual, as well as of our physical, faculties is part of the larger *esprit de corps* which we call patriotism.

W. A. What changes should you advocate, then, in the actual educational curriculum?

Mr. Wilkinson. If you come to think of it, is it not strange how little our ideal of education has moved with the time? How immense have been the results of the past century of labor in the field of knowledge, which is the field of existence! The modern man of the best type has a grasp of the universe, of the globe, of the human race, its development, its history, its place in nature, that no one could possibly possess a hundred years ago. Now, that grasp ought to be specially characteristic of those who direct the national education, and their object ought to be to impart it to every person in proportion to the number of years that he is to remain at school. We are talking of boys who are likely to remain at school till they are nineteen, and perhaps after that to go to college. In the case of these boys, I should postpone by one or two years the beginning of Latin, should place much earlier the beginning of the natural sciences, and should largely increase the amount of pure mathematics taught in the early stages.

W. A. Would you apply the mathematical drill to all boys, irrespective of their intended path in life?

Mr. Wilkinson. To all boys. Latin should be begun, as I say, comparatively late, and taught by the most modern methods. In this way it would not occupy the wholly disproportionate time now devoted to it. Greek I would teach only to boys who are going in for an advanced literary education. The ordinary smattering of Greek is of very little use. History, now so much neglected, should be much more prominent.

But above all things knowledge should not be forced upon boys in isolated fragments, whose irrelevance and apparent uselessness they resent. One thing should lead to another; the interrelation of the various branches should be made clear, as well as the relation of the whole to the purpose of life. And school education should not be conceived as a sort of conventional preliminary to the serious business of life which, in the normal course of things, should cease and be forgotten the moment the young man goes forth into the world. It should be regarded as only the initial stage of the process of mental development which should go on through adolescence and maturity. No man is really educated who has not learnt at least as much between twenty and forty as he did between ten and twenty.

W. A. From what I can see of public-school methods, I gather that our pedagogues have never heard of the science of pedagogy, or at any rate are resolute not to admit its existence.

Mr. Wilkinson. There you have it! What is the matter with us is that we do not believe in the organization of knowledge and intelligence. Yet that is precisely what we want.

W. A. Apply that principle, now, to the question of defence. Supposing we had a rational system of education, how would it affect the army?

Mr. Wilkinson. The army itself ought to be a great educational institution, in which the officers are the teachers. That is the ideal; but the practice does not sufficiently correspond to it. We have a great many zealous, devoted officers; but in too many instances they are hampered not merely by the old tradition which ignored their function as teachers, but by the inadequacy of their own previous general education. In too many cases, our officers cannot teach because they will not learn. They have not had that thorough secondary education which qualifies them to sit down to a subject, or even to a single book, and really master it. They find the literature of their profession tedious because they have not had the mental training which

should enable them to grasp and assimilate it—so they prefer to read novels.

W. A. A distinguished general the other day recommended historical novels as a sound basis for a military education.

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, and what came of that principle? Colenso and Spion Kop!

W. A. Would you put a boy who was intended for the army through the course of study you sketched a few minutes ago?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, minus the Latin. I should insist, instead, on very high French and German, not only for practical purposes, but because it is in these languages that an officer can get at the literature of his profession. But as regards professional training for the army, I should be disposed to set up two standards: a good general education for all, but a very first-class education for officers who are to take leading positions—staff officers and cavalry officers. One of our great troubles is our cavalry. Rank for rank, a cavalry officer requires far more knowledge than an infantry officer. He requires greater intelligence, greater quickness. He should be specially taught strategy and tactics. But what we find in our army is that only rich men can go into the cavalry—men of whom I hear, from those who see more of them than I do, that they will not work or take their profession seriously. A Minister who was in earnest in his effort to give us an efficient army would change all that. He would say, "I will double the pay of the cavalry officer, but I must have double work out of him."

W. A. Might not reform begin at the other end—in the reduction of the obligatory expenses?

Mr. Wilkinson. Something can be done in that way, too. But if you want to make men work, you must be prepared to pay them.

W. A. Is not our army already the most expensive in the world?

Mr. Wilkinson. That is partly a necessity of our political situation, but partly, too, the result of our habit of economizing at the wrong points. But

there is one thing, my dear Archer, that people do not realize, and that is, not only that efficient defence must be paid for, but that it is supremely worth paying for. People do not realize how much of their prosperity, their own moral character and backbone, is due to the tradition of belonging to a great nation. For a beaten nation, the whole conditions of life would be changed; and a beaten nation we shall be if our "patriotism" consists in assuming that an Englishman requires to do and to sacrifice less for his country than any other man in Europe. If England is to help us, we must help England. Any one who ventures to hint that we are neither invincible nor invulnerable must be prepared to find himself denounced as an alarmist; but speaking as one who has devoted the best years of his life to the study of these questions, I can assure you that as matters stand at present—with our navy scattered all over the world, and with no adequate or properly organized army for home defence—we are well within the range of a great national disaster. Napoleon failed in his designed invasion, because the British fleets, splendidly efficient after ten years of war practice, were handled by men who thoroughly understood the conditions of naval strategy; while the French navy, ruined during the Revolution before the war began, had never during the war the opportunity to provide itself with a similar training, either for officers or men. The French navy was handicapped by these conditions. But to-day foreign navies are not handicapped in that way, and their head people have made far more systematic studies of strategy and tactics than have our own. With a large part of our navy at the ends of the earth, it is conceivable that our home-guard fleet might be held up long enough to enable an enemy to land one hundred thousand men in this country. The operation, if attempted at all, would be done so suddenly and so quickly that there is a fair chance of such an invading force being stronger than anything that, in the first few days, could be got together to attack it.

W. A. But would not the British fleet, reassembling, cut off the invader's retreat?

Mr. Wilkinson. It is not so easy as you think to concentrate a fleet which is dispersed in widely separated squadrons. It is quite on the cards that our fleet might be taken piecemeal and beaten, squadron by squadron. But even admitting that we regain and keep possession of the sea, it is a question whether an enemy, once landed in any force, might not, if he won a great decisive battle, be able to dictate his own terms. For a prolonged resistance, after the loss of a first great battle, a large area is necessary. England is so small that a decisive defeat might very probably cripple us altogether. Could the people of this country make head for any length of time against the terrors, despairs, and miseries caused by the presence of a victorious hostile army? Upon my word I don't know.

W. A. Then what is to be done to prevent this interesting question from being answered by experiment? What can place us above the danger of invasion?

Mr. Wilkinson. Two things: a more judicious distribution of our fleet (which should also be considerably strengthened), and a total reorganization of our home army.

W. A. By what means? Conscription?

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, one would naturally like to work the army without conscription; though, let me tell you, conscription would be by no means an unmixed evil. Our people are too undisciplined. They require to have the national idea brought home to them—the idea that every man is a member of a community to which he owes everything, even to the giving up of his property and of life itself. Compel every man to do his share of the nation's work, and the result will be that every man will see his relation to the State in a truer light. Then, too, conscription would solve one of the great difficulties of national defence—the difficulty of getting sufficient men for the navy.

W. A. But surely the two services could not be placed on the same footing with regard to conscription, the apprenticeship for the navy being so much longer and more arduous than for the army.

Mr. Wilkinson. Nevertheless you would probably find that a considerable proportion of men would prefer naval to military service—a sufficient proportion to keep the navy well up to fighting strength. Then of course there would have to be a carefully devised list of exemptions from service; and, just as in Germany, the man who could show a good standard of secondary education would get off with a shorter military training. I assure you, many worse things might befall the country than the introduction of compulsory military service.

W. A. Still, you think it might be possible to make ourselves reasonably secure without conscription? By what means?

Mr. Wilkinson. Why, by such a reorganization of the volunteer force as would make it really a fighting instrument.

W. A. And how would you set about that? Would you alter the conditions to which a man submits himself on enlisting?

Mr. Wilkinson. Not much. I would, of course, increase the ludicrously small number of annual drills by which a man (after his recruit's year) can make himself "efficient"; I would make yearly attendance in camps compulsory; and I would insist on a higher standard of musketry. Every man should do a great deal more firing with ball cartridge, and little or none with blank—a most demoralizing practice. But it is in organization and in the training of officers that the chief alterations would have to be made.

W. A. My own small experience as a volunteer has led me sometimes to wonder whether a certain sprinkling of professional officers, over and above the existing adjutants, might not do a good deal to raise the standard of the force.

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes; but how would you effect this "sprinkling"?

W. A. Oh, don't ask *me*, the most blundering private that ever wrestled with a Slade-Wallace equipment.

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, this is what I would do: I would organize the force in small brigades of not more than four battalions each. Every battalion should have its volunteer commanding-officer; but over each brigade I should place a professional brigadier, senior to all the battalion commanders; and he should have a professional brigade-major under him. Then I would not attach an adjutant to each battalion (these gentlemen, under the present system, have not nearly enough to do), but would allot two adjutants to each brigade. It would then be the brigadier's business to educate the officers of his brigade. As for the volunteer company-officers, I should insist on getting a great deal more head-work out of them.

W. A. Do you think it is possible for your barrister, or civil servant, or stock-broker, to give enough time to military work to make himself a really efficient officer?

Mr. Wilkinson. Perfectly possible. In many cases he need not give much more time than he does at present. Suppose he devotes two evenings a week to the corps: a great part of that time is at present taken up in mechanical repetitions of elementary things with which he is perfectly familiar. If one of these evenings were devoted to study under a first-rate instructor, the volunteer officer would learn a great deal in the course of the year. Then I should insist upon his going through two or three special courses of instruction of a month or six weeks each; and on his proving that he had duly profited by them, I would pay him liberally for the time thus employed. Furthermore, I would provide him with a thoroughly good text-book of the art of war, and insist on his studying it. Even for the private soldier (regular or volunteer) I would have very much simplified text-books, written in good English, readable, and interesting. We proceed far too much on the general assumption that the British soldier cannot read or write. I would go on the

opposite assumption, and would take care that it should be justified.

W. A. Tell me, now, is not science so rapidly altering the art of war that before you had got one text-book issued it would be out of date, and another would be required?

Mr. Wilkinson. Oh no! Once produce a really good text-book that should pass into general use, and its successive editions could easily keep pace with scientific developments.

W. A. And you attach no weight to the current theories that science will presently put an end to war by making it a process of universal massacre?

Mr. Wilkinson. As far as war is concerned, the one great effect of the progress of science is to make more and more overwhelming the advantage possessed by the more intelligent and better organized nation.

W. A. So far, so good. You have given me a sketch of what you would do, in respect of education and organization, to correct the amateurishness which is our besetting sin, and to place us, in our external relations, on an equality with our competitors. But these reforms will not make themselves. If they are to be compassed at all, they must be engineered, so to speak, by experts at the head of the various departments of Government. In speaking of education, we touched only on the public schools—a small, though of course very important, part of the whole educational problem. What chance is there, do you think, that that problem will ever be tackled, in a large and far-seeing spirit, by the most accomplished expert that the country can produce? What chance is there that we shall ever have a master of military science, in place of a bewildered amateur, at the head of the War Office? What chance is there that we shall ever have a man of high political genius, vision, and faculty at the head of the Government?

Mr. Wilkinson. You are asking me, in brief, whether I consider our English tradition of democracy compatible with the requirements of national defence, in the largest sense of the words?

W. A. Yes, that is about what I want to get at.

Mr. Wilkinson. Well, I think my answer would be that I see no reason why the traditions of our democracy should not adapt themselves, with no very great strain, to the needs of efficient government. The amateur in office is no essential part of our system. It was never a good plan, but it was far less disastrous a hundred years ago, or even fifty years ago, than it is today. The great advance of knowledge in that time and the enormously increased complexity of technical detail have rendered absolutely necessary a great specialization of function. Go through the old *Victory* at Portsmouth and compare her, simply as a machine, with a modern line-of-battle ship—the difference is like that between a stage-coach and a high-grade locomotive. You may take that as a type of the increased complexity of the problems with which the head of a department has nowadays to grapple. Some day it must be manifest to every one that the ability to make telling party speeches does not necessarily qualify a man to organize a modern army or to keep a modern navy up to the requisite pitch of efficiency. Some day—if only it be not too late!

W. A. Then you do not think this system can be defended on the ground that the Minister is only the ornamental head of his department and its mouth-piece in Parliament, while the real work is done by the permanent officials?

Mr. Wilkinson. If that system had no other defects, it would be sufficiently condemned by the partition of responsibility which it involves.

W. A. Admitting, then, that the amateur in office is no inseparable part of our system, but only a survival from a time when he was comparatively innocuous, to whom do you look for a reform of this outgrown system?

Mr. Wilkinson. Ah, there we come back to the question of the "strong man."

W. A. Let me put it in this way: what have you to say to the doctrine of that other Sage of Chelsea whom you mentioned before, that democracy

always tends to place at the head of affairs the weak man, the windbag, the painted lath, instead of the strong man, the man of real metal?

Mr. Wilkinson. To that I say that I don't believe it. I believe that men have a strong natural gift for detecting a true leader, and an equally strong tendency to follow him when once they have found him. The "mandate" theory of democracy, which would make a nominal leader in reality the mere tool of a majority, seems to me absurd. I hold it to be the function of a leader really to lead, in accordance with his own insight, his own wisdom. But, on the other hand, I think that the people of this country have a very fair instinct for discerning, at a given moment, the best available man to whom to entrust their destinies. For the choosing of a Prime Minister the rough *plébiscite* of a general election is no bad device.

W. A. Then you trust that if—or when—the "strong man" presents himself the democracy will rally to him?

Mr. Wilkinson. I don't doubt that it will; and I think he will have a splendid opportunity before him. The country is profoundly dissatisfied with itself. There is no other country where criticism is so severe. The public mind is full of a good, healthy discontent, and it should need no unattainable genius to turn that dissatisfaction to practical effect, and to reorganize the departments of Government in such a way as to bring the best intellect and skill of the nation to bear on the different problems involved. Of course, to do this he would have to look for most of his men outside the ordinary political gangs; but he would have plenty of means at his disposal for securing seats at Westminster—in one House or the other—for those whom tradition requires to be in Parliament. One thing

he would almost certainly do would be to reduce the size of the Cabinet, and thus increase at once the power and the responsibility of each member. But I need not go into all these details. Of one thing I am sure—that if the country saw a man really in earnest as to the necessity for introducing a high standard of efficiency into all branches of the public service, it would rise to him and support him, vigorously and enthusiastically. If once you give it a chance to come into play, the high side of human nature is much stronger than the low side.

W. A. I think it is time now that you should answer the question I asked you at the outset of this talk: Do you see the "strong man" looming anywhere on the horizon?

Mr. Wilkinson. A few years ago, when I published a book called "The Great Alternative"—

W. A. (interrupting). It was from that book that I deduced your theory of the "strong man."

Mr. Wilkinson.—I sent a copy of it to a certain eminent statesman, whom I won't name, with this inscription on the fly-leaf: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?"

W. A. And what did he reply?

Mr. Wilkinson. He sent me a polite acknowledgment through his secretary.

W. A. Then I assume that you are looking for another?

Mr. Wilkinson. That does not follow. Perhaps I am—perhaps not.

W. A. Well, if you are going to be so oracular as all that, I may as well sally forth into the fog again. Shall I see you at the play on Thursday?

Mr. Wilkinson. Yes, I shall be there.

W. A. *Au revoir*, then; or, as the man says in the other play, "Good-bye; and thanks for the light!"

[Exit.]





The Holy Pump

By H-n-y J-m-s, Condensed by Grace E. Martin.

I

IT was an opportunity, I recognized,—my turning up at the small but select summer boarding-house, for the exercise of my, if I may call it so, psychological technique. There was, wonderfully, seated on the piazza as I drove up, just such a group as I should have, in the interests of the game, most deliberately placed there,—an elderly man, whose expression was, strangely, I reflected, on this piazza where there was so much intellectually to stimulate, of a boredom quite remarkable, two venerable ladies, and one young one who, in her pink shirt-waist, in her neat sailor hat, in her twinkling shoes, looked, considering the absence of young men, quite superfluously, quite defiantly, pretty.

This was, besides a baby, which, or who, on the lap of one of the elderly ladies, industriously slept, all the group, but by the happiest little series of coincidences, they each had, as I was presently most unmistakably to discover, a soul!

So the game was, simply, it appeared, waiting for me; I'm not, it must be explained, a man to desire a golf ball, if I can have, on a fine day, a soul to play with.

II

It was n't later than the morrow that the strangest, the most exhilarating things began to happen. I had, contrary to my habit, risen early, and had made, note-book in hand, a little self-conducted tour about the place, which was of a charm! of a freshness! I had

just, with the happiest little touch of rusticity, seated myself on a rock, to pin onto paper some really fine early morning phrases, which I had caught flying about, when what I at first took for a nice cow stepped seriously up to me and looked, to my mind, as if to say, "Don't you see in my condition, that, I mean, of a feminine soul imprisoned in an inexpressive body, almost the elements of a psychological novel? the struggle, I mean, for expression in other forms than milk? A protest against an existence that ends in beef?"

Perhaps I, for once, had, if it must be confessed, misread the female soul, for as I consolingly began, "My dear girl!" she lowered her head and so disconcertingly stared that I quite unhesitatingly left.

But I had simply, as I presently discovered, escaped from the feminine in one form to encounter it in another. This one approached with a frank, with a visible eagerness. "Are n't you," she called to me, "Mr. Jims? the soul man? I am, don't you see, of a curiosity! I have read your books"—she luminously regarded me; "perhaps you can tell me what they are about!"

"Perhaps," I courteously attenuated. "I shall, in any case, have, as you perceive, in this charming spot, ample material for another."

"Oh!" she quite incredulously sounded, "in this spot? Are there, then, after all, souls here?"

"My dear girl, too many!" I almost triumphantly laughed. "I'm afraid I hardly know where, with so much material, we shall, in fact, begin!"

She gracefully, and with the prettiest little air of excitement, seated herself on the rock. "Tell me how," she imperiously pleaded.

I, for effect, hesitated. "Well," I brought out, at last, "we must first determine—oh! it's always really very easy—who is in love with whom! There are signs," I lucidly explained, "which, to a consciousness in a state of sensitive receptivity, are unmistakable." The ball was, in fact teed, and I was swinging for one of my drives straight to the green. "Now, should n't you, at once say, that the elderly man whom I saw, last night, for a moment, upon the piazza, was quite unmistakably, oh! quite tremendously, in love with the lady who so ably supported that enormous babe?"

Oddly enough, the excitement died out of her face, and she almost disappointedly laughed. "I suppose so, he's her husband." There was, I'm sorry to say, the touch of a sneer in her voice. "You're very clever," she added.

My manner, under this blow, could n't have been easier. I spoke with a nonchalance quite convincing. "Ah, then, my dear girl, that makes our theory, don't you see, quite evidently, quite monstrously, untenable. "But"—I picked myself up briskly, "that does n't make it impossible, does it, that he——"

She dashed vividly into the train of my remarks. "I hope"—her manner was a threat, "that you're not about to say he's in love with the other old lady, for she's, didn't you know? his sister!"

For a moment I hung fire. Then, subtly, I left the point—it had, wonderfully, been my second theory. "Could n't we," I threw out—"do something—oh! I dare say it's difficult,—with the baby?"

She gasped. "It's only five months old."

I think I laughed. "If that's all your objection"—I was gay now, "we're saved. She may be older than she looks—she can, I'm sure, borrow some years from the others—it's been done—oh, age is no obstacle. Be-

sides"—I was you see, quite enchanted, quite possessed by my theory. "Women age so tremendously quickly sometimes don't you think. . . .?"

She rose. "You make me," she lucidly pronounced, "tired."

I wondered "Why?"

"Because," she opened, abruptly her pink parasol, "it's a boy!"

III

I'm afraid I can't quite say what after that I at first did. Life was, I recollect, for the next few days, a round of the wildest, of the most exhilarating excitements. I found, of course, a rare intellectual joy, in the opening of the simple souls around me. One has, so to speak, much the same sort of fun in popping corn. They showed, however, these amiable souls, a quite surprising reluctance to be popped. I found that, for instance, my arrival, in the morning, on the piazza, was the signal for the precipitate departure of the group, the youngest member of which, on my approach, most surprisingly, most preposterously wept.

There was one, however, who did not, on my appearance, retire. This was, it may be guessed, the young lady in pink. She, one fine, large afternoon, pursued me to the rock, and quite menacingly demanded, "When, Mr. Jims, is something,—I don't care what—going to happen?"

I felt the challenge. "My dear young lady" (Oh! I was cheerful, but cutting), nothing ever, by any possibility, in a psychological novel, happens at all!"

She cowered under this, but rallied, to my admiration, bravely. "Then is nobody"—she was timid now—"going to be in love with anybody?"

I thoughtfully twisted my moustache. It was, after all, most extraordinary that I had, in my intellectual preoccupation, overlooked a very happy idea. "Well, I might, my dear girl, in the interests of psychology, try, *faute de mieux*, to fall in love,"—I laughed a little—"with you!"

I could not, at that, quite read her face. "You might," she vibrated slowly.

"You would not, I think," I pursued gayly, "find it difficult to reciprocate. In fact, it's strange that I have n't before noticed"—I floundered pleasantly—"that you already are, wonderfully, are most beautifully, in love with me!"

I thought her answer, as she rose to her feet, quite wide of the mark. "William is coming to-night."

As she beautifully trailed across the grass, I lighted another cigarette. Was it possible, I mused, that, after all, I had, for the second time, failed to understand a female?

IV

I understood a little better, when, in the morning, striding pugnaciously toward me, William appeared. He was one of those young men, quite loudly, quite odiously healthy, who, it is obvious, are created to jump on one's pet corns. He had—the fact stuck out of him—something of a disagreeable nature to say, and he was, as I have suggested, only too pleased to say it.

"If you're Jims"—he had, it was plain, no manners of any kind whatever—"I've a present for you—no you don't"—this vulgarity was, I think, caused by my just then moving, as I always at once do on just such occasions, swiftly away. "It's from the people in the house—Oh, it's most unanimously, most spontaneously given! It is," he gayly pursued, "a

return ticket to wherever it is you live, and there are besides, for your lunch, fifteen cents, from"—he quite preposterously roared—"from the baby!"

I was, if you please, sufficiently amazed! The extravagant, the unnatural ingratitude of these people! I managed a short laugh. "They want me to go?"

He swallowed something. "My dear fellow, you *have* made yourself luridly unpopular!"

For six seconds I hung fire. Then I was magnificent. "You don't suppose," I cried, "that I don't understand? Is n't it I who have exposed them? Have n't I, with the flaming torch of my insight, lighted up the cavernous emptiness of their dreadful little souls? Does it preposterously happen that they, in their forlorn, in their infatuated ecstasy of stupidity, imagine that they are"—I chose from the surge of phrases which dashed themselves at me, just the happiest little turn—"the only corns in the popper? There are"—I waved my arms—"others! And if, after all, there are, here, in this house, just now, as you say, and as, on the whole, for my part, in this instance—"

I was interrupted. "Oh, I say, old man, you're never coming out of that coil! Don't you think you'd better go and pack without any more"—the brute choked—"commas?"

This is how, then I discovered, that afternoon, just the subtlest little psychological moment to tactfully, to gracefully, withdraw. The atmosphere was, after all, of a density!





Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA:

Christmas will not be dull in any household where "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" can be found. Here is the finest contribution to the gaiety of a nation in general, and that of a season in particular. "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" is an up-to-date book of first-class fun, and may be bought for a shilling. The very sporting authors of "Lives of the 'Lustrious'" have sought big game. They have, in the first place, parodied in a most effective manner the "Dictionary of National Biography," and in so doing have shown a delightful fancy. Their imagination runs riot. Mr. Alfred Beit they define as a "Bullionaire," and elevate him to the peerage as Baron Beit of Benin and the Gold Coast, and with the degree of B.D.A. (Beyond the Dreams of Avarice). Club: Boodles, of course. Authority (among others): Mr. Markham's History. Mr. Hall Caine's resemblance to Shakespeare is so striking that on landing at New York on a religious trip to America, the late Ignatius Donnelly, a total stranger, addressed him as "Lord Bacon, I presume!" Of Sir William Harcourt we read that he has latterly abandoned politics for religion, and joined the staff of *The Times*. His motto is: "England expects every man some day to pay his Death Duties." Mr. Anthony Hope, "senior partner in Hope Brothers, Hosiers to the Court of Hentzau," invented the Zenda Vesta or Runaway Match, "dramatised by Mesdames Bryant and Edna May." His motto is: "Beautiful Anthony Hope is read." Mr. Andrew Lang, we are not surprised to find, was born in "the Golf Stream," but emigrated

to the Southern Pacific, his sojourn being commemorated in the touching *chanson*, "Maori had a little Lang." Sir Thomas Lipton was born at Sandringham, which he chose for that honor partly on account of its last syllable. His motto is: "The Cup that cheers but not inebriates." Authority: *Bacon*. Mr. Pierpont Morgan is described as Electrician to St. Paul's Cathedral. "For many years he worked at the tiresome routine of monopolist, and only in 1901 reached his true vocation—the lighting of St. Paul's." "In filling up the Confession Album of one of our more affable Duchesses, Mr. Morgan stated Trust to be his favorite quality and Steele his favorite author."

It is my pleasure to help you always, and especially at this time of the year to help you and your friends. Men and women choose their toothbrushes and their soap without assistance, and the choice of their patent medicines is made easy to them by the persuasive words of the professional advertisement writer. With books it is different. Books are given as presents, and present-giving needs much time and thought. I hate figures or anything in the form of statistics, but this, at any rate, is clear, that there is a maze of new books quite bewildering to anyone who approaches it unprepared with some kind of clue. This month it is evident that I must be practical. You have that list and you want some book put against each name. There are your friends too,—they want help. There is always the dearest friend of the opposite sex. For convenience I will refer to him or her as "It." Well, your heart goes out to "It"—you

would give It half your kingdom. It may be It has curly hair, or It has a fine profile and iron-gray hair. It may be an Actor or a Sportsman, or a South African Hero, or even something ambitious, such as an imbecile Duke, or a retired General. Or, in the case of your friends of the other sex, It may be a widow, or a lady who is rehearsing the part of a widow and doing it effectively. It is a long catalogue; I will not pursue the subject, pleasant though it is. At any rate we all love what I have for convenience only called It, and have fluttered feelings in Its presence, or when the postman arrives, or when he does not arrive. Much is hidden too deep down ever to be told. There is much happiness and usually some misery over It, but upon the whole It is a luxury, a comfort, and a joy. They say that marriages are made in heaven, but certainly very good imitations can be had down here.

Last year at this same time there was much talk over a book of Love Letters. I found the book depressing. Many people took it on trust, unread; and partly because it was bound in white and tied with green ribbons it was sent broadcast over two hemispheres. They sent it to their dearest friends. They thought it conveyed the right sentiment, viz., that the recipients were being thought of with love—love without humor or laughter, but still love—*printed* love—. Now, I am not going to say that there is or is not some book which this year can take the place of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters." Were I to assert with assurance that there is some book this year with the necessary qualifications to send about to our nearest and dearest I should be a fool, and invading the angels' territory. All I propose to do is to put before you the names of such books as, after much heart-searching, I have decided that you cannot well do without, either for yourself, your friends, —or for "It." Here, then, are books, all of which are amusing from different reasons. Some are picture-books, some are memoirs, some are essays, some are nonsense,—and no library is complete without nonsense. It is a busy time,

and what I believe you wish me to do is to epitomize. Busy people wish everything in condensed or tabloid form. The time is coming when reviews of books longer than half-a-dozen lines will be considered a bore. If a man cannot say, in six lines, what should be said about any book, he will at no distant future have to hold his peace. We have to know more of the souls of books and less of their bodies.

I pick out three of the many large picture-books, and say with sureness that there are no better books as presents than Sir Walter Armstrong's Raeburn book, Dana Gibson's "A Widow and her Friends," and Lady Dilke's book upon French Furniture of the Eighteenth Century. Lady Ilchester's "Lady Sarah Lennox" comes first in the books of Memoirs, with Lady Newdigate's "Cavalier and Puritan," an excellent second. Noel Williams's book upon "Madame Récamier" is the only good book, at any rate in English, upon the French Salon during a great period. Andrew Lang's "Mary Stuart" is the most important contribution to history, and a book destined to a longer life than most volumes issued during this Christmastime. Baron Corvo's "Chronicles of the Borgias" is a very fine record of a house of splendid sinners. Mr. Fea, in his book on "King Monmouth," recounts all the indiscretions of the Duke with zeal, taste, and knowledge. Mrs. Bagot's volume, "Links with the Past," is a very readable volume of reminiscences of life during the last century. Dean Hole, still vigorous, has put together some further gleanings, and made a diverting volume of stories called "Then and Now." The Essay, we are told, is decaying, but this I can hardly believe. The French we know would beat us if they had no other essayist than Anatole France, but we need not despair while such volumes as "The Celtic Temperament," by Francis Grierson, "The Defendant," by Gilbert Chesterton, and Frederic Harrison's new essays come forward. Lilian Whiting, who so convincingly proved the world to be beautiful, has now found a fresh "World Beautiful in Books." There is, at any

rate, one book for those whose reading is of souls and of hearts—Mr. Fielding's "Hearts of Men." The one first-rate garden book this year is "Formal Gardens in England and Scotland," by Inigo Triggs, the most magnificent book upon gardens historical and beautiful yet issued. There is no other book to compare with it in splendor. The sporting book of the autumn is Mr. Evered's book upon that glorious country in the West around Dulverton, Dunster, and the Doone Valley. There are children's books in thousands, most of them, as usual, with the stamp of mediocrity upon them, those seeming to stand above the rest being Mrs. Ames's new volume, "The Bedtime Book," "The Golliwog's Auto-go-cart," and Miss Sharp's "Youngest Girl in the School," the only story-book which I think it is especially worth while to name. Among other comic books there is, and with excellent pictures, "Nonsense Nonsense!" where Mr. Charles Robinson, supplied with as many ideas as he can wish, has made many absurd and gorgeous chromatic symphonies. In its verses I find "Nonsense Rhymes," by the late Cosmo Monkhouse, very agreeable, but it is hardly for the unsophisticated. Thus:

There once was a Master of Arts,
Who was "nuts" upon cranberry tarts:
When he'd eaten his fill
He was awfully ill,
But he still was a Master of Arts.

Mrs. Cook, in "The Bride's Book," analyzes "proposals" (there are, it seems, five varieties), rejections (there

must necessarily be at least five also), engagements, discords, and, indeed, the whole matrimonial and pre-matrimonial gamut. Her pages leave little to the critic. All grades of society come within her purview, and we have these five sufficing reasons from the East-end for the refusal of five unsufficing young men: "Because 'e 'ad ginger 'air." "Because 'e gone and jined the Militia." "Because 'e 's a skinflint, and would n't stand no treats, let alone Bank 'Olidays." "Because 'e liked readin' poetry and sichlike fool'ardiness." "Because 'e come 'atween me and my sister Lizzie when we was 'aving of it out one night."

Miss Marie Corelli should be a proud woman. She has written a Christmas number all by herself—religion, politics, courtiership, fiction, verse, music, satire, fantasy, fact, and something for "the dear childring"—all are here. Such versatility, sure, was never seen. Miss Corelli on the Coronation, on the King, on the Queen's soul, on the Christmas carol to be sung at Sandringham,—these are things to read and think upon.

I hear that several peeresses, hitherto estranged from their husbands, are seeking to be (at any rate temporarily) reunited, so as to be present in the Abbey at the Coronation. Domestic bliss is, indeed, a fine subject for Christmas-time. My Holiday Message to some of my wayward friends is, therefore, an exhortation—Kiss your wife on Christmas morning whether you want to or not.

Your friend,
ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, December, 1901.



The Book-Buyer's Guide

The reviews in this department of THE CRITIC, though short, are not perfunctory. They are as carefully written as though they appeared in the body of the magazine. Books on special subjects are sent to specialists, and often as many as a dozen different writers review the various books. Among those who contribute regularly are Cornelia Atwood Pratt, Rev. Charles James Wood, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Admiral S. B. Luce, Fennette Barbour Perry, Gerald Stanley Lee, Christian Brinton, Ruth Putnam, P. G. Hubert, Jr., Carolyn Shipman, Edith M. Thomas, Dr. William Elliot Griffis, and the editors.

ART

Freeman—Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. By L. J. Freeman, M.A. Illustrated. Macmillan, \$3.00 net.

Though it barely escapes being theoretical and even dilettante in spirit, Mr. Freeman's volume on Italian Renaissance sculpture reflects qualities which are distinctly gracious. There is little here that is new either in conception or in interpretation, but the presentation of familiar material is marked by many felicities and, above all, by a welcome feeling for plastic form. Mr. Freeman divides his subject into two parts: I. The Early Renaissance, including Ghiberti, Donatello, and Lucca della Robbia, and, II., The Late Renaissance, including, among others, the Sansovini, Cellini, and Michelangelo, the whole being prefaced by a somewhat indefinite essay "On the Enjoyment of Sculpture." The author is at his best in his semi-narrative appreciations, many of which, though Pateresque, are characterized by singular charm of expression. The illustrations which give the volume much of its value are of unusual excellence.

Holt—Rugs Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern. A Handbook for Ready Reference. By Rosa Belle Holt. Illustrated. McClurg, \$5.00.

While not aiming to supersede Mr. Mumford's volume, the present work adequately supplements its epoch-making predecessor in kind. Mr. Mumford contributed a serious and exhaustive study, which displayed abundant knowledge and an accurate appreciation of the æsthetic aspects of his subject. Miss Holt's text is, on the contrary, more popular in character, her excursions into antiquity and ethnography being decidedly lacking in background. The plates, showing typical weavings, both in color and in monochrome, as well as those illustrating the process, add substantially to the beauty of the book. Though manifestly for the neophyte, Miss Holt's monograph should do much toward furthering interest in one of the most absorbing and least understood forms of decorative art.

Hoppin—Great Epochs in Art History. By James M. Hoppin, Lately Professor of Yale University. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75 net.

At first thought it is difficult to decide why

Professor Hoppin includes the English Pre-Raphaelites among his "great" epochs in art history, but a careful, or even cursory, consideration of the book explains many things. Happily the type of æsthetic criticism herein exemplified is losing vogue. Such men as Mr. Berenson, and Mr. Claude Phillips are rapidly discounting that which is descriptive, pedagogical, and altogether pedestrian.

Williamson—Francesco Raibolini, Called Francia. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Illustrated. London, Bell; Macmillan, New York. \$1.75.

In this, his third contribution to the "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture," Dr. Williamson, the editor of the series, places students of Italian art still more in his debt. For the monographs on Luini and Perugino there was abundant material, but in tracing the career of Francia, Dr. Williamson has had to become archivist as well as art critic. With the help, chiefly, of Calvi's pamphlet the outlines have been filled in with much sagacity and much sympathy. The present volume offers, indeed, the best opportunity in English for a study of this Bolognese goldsmith, who, toward middle life, turned religious painter, this simple, gentle artist whose faith was as implicit as his palette was rich and harmonious. Dr. Williamson's text is interspersed by excellent reproductions of Francia's works, among them being the tender and pathetic lunette for the "Buonvisi" altar-piece, now in the National Gallery.

BELLES LETTRES

Bates—Talks on Writing English. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.30.

If literature is a trade, as some would have us believe, then is this little book of Mr. Arlo Bates an excellent trade manual. With its aid a student can make literature in much the same way that from a treatise on painting one can learn to paint, or from a treatise on music to play. More than this for his book Mr. Bates himself would probably not claim. Yet certain passages give one pause. In the chapter on dialogue, for instance, the author manages to give the impression that dialogue is a

kind of good round-hand that can be easily mastered if the pupil will pay attention to rules and directions. "Let the pupil sit with his right side toward the desk, his right arm resting on the desk, the pen held firmly between the thumb and forefinger, its end pointing over the right shoulder, the last three fingers resting lightly on the tips." We were all taught it in school—this or something like it. Alas, and alas! We are scattered over the wide globe and our pens point in a hundred different directions—any direction except the right one—while we scribble for dear life the thoughts that come into our heads. It may be true that "the third element in the writing of effectiveness of dialogue in narration is that it shall be consistent." But one can fancy this statement as being of little use to Victor Hugo—say—or Shakespeare. The mind harks back to the days when literature was not entirely a trade, when the writing of dialogue was less concerned with "consistency and relevancy" than with letting the characters speak for themselves; the days when the characters were the makers of real dialogue and the genius of the author consisted in knowing this and in letting them speak. But these were the days when literature was still an art and the makers of literature artists.

Fitzgerald—Word and Phrase: True and False Use in English. By Joseph Fitzgerald, A.M. McClurg & Co. \$1.25.

The author was for some years assistant editor of the *North American Review* and of the *Forum*, and in correcting and revising articles for print formed "the habit of scrutinizing words and phrases in books and other publications and making notes, the outcome of which is the present work." Four or five years ago he brought out a small volume, "Pitfalls in English," most of the matter of which is incorporated in this book, but constitutes only about a fifth of it. Some of the topics treated are "the degradation of words"; metaphors; household and business terms; literary, philosophic, and scientific terms; ecclesiastic and religious terms; word-pairs, synonyms, analogies; obsolescence, obsolescence, new coinage; "ignorantisms in words and phrases"; points of syntax, orthography, pronunciation, punctuation, etc. The author's style is by no means impeccable, being sometimes slovenly, sometimes heavy, sometimes affected. He is fond of using words in new senses, unknown to lexicographers; like "ignorantisms" for "the solecisms of persons who are presumed to be educated," when the dictionaries recognize the word in the singular only as equivalent to "obscurantism." The book nevertheless contains much curious and interesting matter, and much that will be helpful and suggestive to teachers and students of English. It may serve, in general, as a practical manual of English words and their uses.

Goodell—Chapters on Greek Metrics. By Thomas Dwight Goodell, Professor of Greek in Yale University. Scribners. \$2.00.

This is one of a series of volumes, prepared by professors and instructors of Yale, in connection with the bicentennial anniversary of the college. Professor Goodell might have named his essay "Greek Rhythms" as well as "Greek Metrics," for he differs from the grammarian's theory of Greek poetry, and maintains that quality more than mere quantity (*i. e.*, equalization of syllables) was the basis of the method of the rendition of poetry. Our modern feeling for thesis and arsis is derived from modern music, and stands in the way of our understanding the melody of Greek verse. Professor Goodell's argument is most interesting and possesses considerable force. His interpretation of Aristoxenus is new, and throws fresh light upon this much controverted topic. It would have been a boon had the author added a chapter upon the application of his principle to Greek prose,—say the orations of Demosthenes,—for it is probable that both Greek and Roman orators delivered their speeches rhythmically, somewhat after the manner of intoning, and not in the colloquial tone and phrasing of modern oratory. Other good Greek prose is susceptible of rhythmical delivery. This is true also of the "Sermon on the Mount," The Eucharistic Prayer, and of other records of the sayings of Jesus. Altogether the subject is fascinating from a religious and from a psychological view-point. Professor Goodell is aware of this and gives space to a consideration of the relations between emotion and rhythm, between Greek and English poetry, between metre and the sacred dance. The student of ceremonies and religious sentiment will find some suggestive material unwittingly (as I suppose) furnished by Professor Goodell. If the further publications of the Yale bicentennial equal this in freshness and suggestiveness, as well as in solid philological value, Yale is to be congratulated.

Morris—The Principles and Methods of Latin Syntax. By E. P. Morris. (Yale Bicentennial Publications.) Scribner. \$2.50.

A minute philosophical examination into the history and psychology of the development of the Latin language on its syntactical side.

Mott—The Provençal Lyric (Prose). By Lewis F. Mott, Ph.D., Professor of English at College of the City of New York. Wm. Jenkins. 75 cts.

Of late there seems to be a quickened interest in the subject of Provençal verse, its evolutions, rhythms, and themes; and it is a vital question in literature whether the passion of the Midi and of its poets will not prevail to immortalize and perpetuate the mere dialect in which their inspirations are couched. "The Provençal Lyric"—originally a lecture delivered before the Comparative Literature Society—is a worthy addition to the history and criticism at present current on this interesting subject. Professor Mott has given us, in this direct and condensed form, a very clear idea of the early distinctions between the jongleurs

and the troubadours, and has also furnished the student with outlines of various of the more notable Provençal lyrics of the Middle Ages, with some translated passages therefrom, by way of illustration.

Perrin—Plutarch. Plutarch's Themistocles and Aristides Newly Translated, with Introduction and Notes. By Bernadotte Perrin, Professor in Yale University. Scribner. \$2.50.

The purpose of this book is to attract the English reader to Greek culture and to appeal to admirers of Plutarch and of great epochs in the progress of civil liberty. The introduction is comprehensive of the latest scholarship on the subject, and the notes are ample and erudite.

Preston—The Secret of Hamlet. By South G. Preston. The Abbey Press. \$1.00.

Another attempt to pluck out the heart of Hamlet's mystery. "The word *Hamlet*," we are told, "reveals to the initiated [the italics are the author's] the secret of the character of the hero of the mysterious play." The name is from the Icelandic *Amleth*, made up of *am*, toil, and *lothi*, devoted to, and "probably has reference to the mythic impersonation of the endless toil and travail of the sea." But we get at the "esoteric meaning by dividing the word into three parts": first the letter *h*, which signifies spirit. "It is an 'aspirate'—a spirate, spirit—equivalent to 'breath,' life." The second part is *am*, "signifying 'being'"; and the third is *let*, "to hinder, to hold, to restrain." Together they reveal to us that "Hamlet is a player, acting the part of Humanity, in a play representing Man's spiritual life-struggles within the circumscribed conditions of this world, under the conscious pressure of the supernatural." In Ophelia's name there is also a primary and a secondary meaning. "*Ope* means 'open'; *helios* means 'the sun'; hence *Ophelia* means 'an open sun, or sunshine.'" The secondary meaning "refers to her mental Ophelia, or aphelia," and describes her condition when insane. *Ophelia* in Greek, we are told, means "a serpent," and to Hamlet "at a certain crisis of his life" she seems "a serpent-temptress," keeping him from "carrying out the law of duty imposed by the supernatural command of his father." "The significant *h* is in the names Hamlet, Horatio, and Ophelia." The name Horatio is made of this *h* and "*oratio*, the word for discourse or flow of speech—breath—life." Horatio is "a man whose life flows on smoothly towards the great ocean of life—eternity." Note that "none of the other characters in the play have this letter *h* in their names." When we add that "Hamlet was a psychometrest" [*sic*], a man who "had developed the psychic side of the physical senses," we believe that the reader will understand what the author means as well as we do after perusing the whole book.

Swift—Aitken—The Journal to Stella. By Jonathan Swift. Edited, with Introduc-

tion and Notes, by George A. Aitken. Putnam, \$1.75.

These sixty-five letters, written in a period of less than three years, testify unmistakably to Swift's love for Stella (Esther Johnson), and—more than all—for himself. Mr. Aitken's estimate of the whole affair, given in the September number of *THE CRITIC*, renders further words on the subject superfluous. As to Mr. Aitken's notes, they seem to be all that could be desired in the way of learning, research, ingenuity, and judgment. The shape in which the book has been published is handy as well as attractive.

BIOGRAPHY

Besant—The Story of King Alfred. By Walter Besant. Appleton. 35 cts.

For a little book by an author well known, this primer contains an astonishing number of errors in diction and in statement of fact. Take some instances at random: "The prison and the executioner was gone" (p. 128); "There was more than one reason" (p. 170); and now take an example of erroneous statement: "The pilgrim on his way to the Holy Land was with his own spiritual kin so long as he found himself within [*sic*] the authority of the Pope; every church was a copy of the churches he had left behind: [by no means] the Mass sung at Venice was the same as that sung at Westminster." A biographer of King Alfred may not be required to display an acquaintance with rituals and liturgics, but certainly, in such a case, he is not required to display his ignorance, either. It would not seem to us necessary to call attention thus to so small a book were it not that the recent observance of the millenium of King Alfred's death brought into some prominence any book relating to the Saxon monarch. It is a pity that this is not a better book, if for no reason other than that its writer intended it to be used as a text-book in schools. Perhaps before another illustrious October twenty-sixth comes, some worthy biography of Alfred will come before us.

FICTION

Elshemus—The Devil's Diary. By Louis M. Elshemus. The Abbey Press. \$1.00.

Although there are exceptions, it is a safe rule to say: Avoid a book published by the author and embellished by a portrait of the author. This book comes under the rule. It is stupid and foolish, as well as the product of ignorant conceit, and is not worth the paper upon which it is printed.

Greene—Flood Tide. By Sarah P. McClean Greene. Harper. \$1.50.

Mrs. Greene's characters live and move and have a being. The fact that the being is such as "never was on sea or land," nor anywhere except in the mind of Sarah Pratt McClean Greene, does not in the least interfere with

their living and moving. Nowhere outside of one of Mrs. Greene's novels could one meet with the fascinating being—half-goddess, half-mother, and half prima-donna—who treads the sands of The Bar. The mathematics of the fascinating being may be a little mixed in this estimate, but the essentials are there. She is introduced in the first paragraph as a remarkable being and she grows in grace and vocal power on every page. Because of the peculiar make-up of the heroine, let no one think that the book lacks humor. It is filled with humor from cover to cover. It may not be of the subtlest kind, but it is all-pervasive. No scene, however pathetic or gruesome or sentimental, escapes a dash of it. It is paprika for the salad, the salvation of Mrs. Greene's work, giving edge to her sentimentality and truth to an impossible vision of life. At times it riots in wild caricature and again it flits like any Ariel—a sailor Ariel—but it is always present. The reader may not always enjoy it, but the author does. In a world of their own her characters live, bathed in a light of satyric glee. It hangs over them, laughs and frolics with them, glides away and returns, with laughter holding both its sides, blowing bubbles to watch them burst. The reader's imagination may not be stirred by the humors of "Flood Tide," but his psychological interest will inevitably be aroused.

Swift—Gulliver's Travels. By Jonathan Swift. Heath & Co. 50 cents.

An excellently printed edition of this children's classic, edited by F. M. Balliet, with 38 illustrations and a map.

Van Vorst—Babsby's Daughter. By Bessie and Marie van Vorst. Harper. Illustrated. \$1.50.

Fancy a roaring farce, where everyone is scurrying round in good old farce fashion trying to find everyone else—where everyone misunderstands everyone, as the characters of a well-regulated farce are bound to do until the dénouement; then fancy one of the principal characters of such a farce played by a really great actor—there you have Babsby's Daughter. Babsby is the character that dominates the rest of the scene, human and lovable, surprisingly real in the gay make-believe world that he has been popped into by his authors. After the fashion of a farce, "Babsby's Daughter" is preposterously amusing, and at times the situations are so good, that one could wish the authors had seen fit to cast their story in a different mould. Of course the action is unflagging, as unflagging as in a Highland fling, and, of course, after seas of tribulation, Babsby's daughter is made happy and everyone is reconciled.

Voss—Amata. From the German of Richard Voss. Translated by Roger S. G. Boutell. Neale Publishing Co. \$1.00.

If the test of power is a sense of reality, the author of "Amata" has power in a marked degree. The real and the impossible, placed side

by side in his work, are one and the same. The impossible becomes real and the real takes on an air of mystery and aloofness and charm that shades away into the impossible. In the hands of an author like this the material in which he works is not material. Out of the stuff of his own soul characters are wrought, and in the light of that soul deeds move on to consummation. It is romanticism of a high order, delicate and compelling and mysterious. The mind reverts, for a prototype, to the work of Edgar Allan Poe. The story has not the tragedy and horror of Poe's work. But it has the same vividness of perception, the suggestion of lurking shadow, and the compelling sense of reality that attaches to the name of Poe.

HISTORY

Burgess—The Civil War and the Constitution. By John W. Burgess, Ph.D., LL.D. 2 volumes. Scribner. \$2.00.

Professor Burgess's work on the "Middle Period" in Scribner's American history series is continued by the two volumes before us on the Civil War. They bear the characteristic marks of their distinguished author, a crisp and forcible, though somewhat crude, style; a vigorous and keenly logical intellect; a judicial, impartial spirit; a scientific scepticism which is ever anxious to re-examine the sources of our knowledge. These volumes are based on a thorough study of the sources. In this respect they differ from the other volumes in the series; they thus have a greater scientific value. The chapters on the months preceding secession are of great interest. The tolerant attitude adopted toward the South, while at the same time the justice of the North's demands is never minimized, is an innovation in American historical literature. It shows that we are finally gaining the proper perspective from which to view these tragic events. We are made to feel and to understand that Jefferson Davis was a man who was acting in full consonance with his convictions, and that these convictions had some basis in ethics and in history. The balance of the book divides itself into two sections—one devoted to military affairs, the other to the interpretation of the Constitution during the Civil War. The account of the war is not so clear as that found in works of military writers. It is in the discussion of constitutional questions that Professor Burgess is pre-eminently at home; this has been his life study. Nothing better, from the standpoint of sound political science, than these chapters has been written. Professor Burgess instinctively casts aside the irrelevant details and arrives quickly at the core of any legal question. Finally, it must be pointed out that in treating of our difficult ties with England during the period, Professor Burgess recognizes that other than purely materialistic motives influenced the conduct of the British government. His patriotism does not imply narrowness. Thus, it will be seen that this book is an important contribution to American history.

Coltman—Beleaguered in Peking. By Robert Coltman. Davis. \$2.00.

"Beleaguered in Peking," a good-sized volume of 248 pages with photographic illustrations, is the work of Robert Coltman, "Professor of Surgery in the Imperial University, Surgeon of the Imperial Chinese Railways," etc. It deals with the war of the Boxers against the foreigners, and aims "to give an accurate and comprehensive account of the Siege in Peking and of the Boxer movement that led up to it." Dr. Coltman's position as Imperial Surgeon would seem to have given him unusual opportunities for observation, which he has improved to the utmost. The story of the siege as told by him is partly narrated and partly given through extracts from a diary. It covers the two years between October, 1898, and September 10, 1900, and is so written as to give the reader a clear and comprehensive view of the events recorded.

Hall—The Oldest Civilization of Greece. By H. R. Hall. Lippincott. \$3.00.

Mr. Hall brings to bear upon the "Mycenæan Question" the side-lights of Egyptology and Assyriology. The result is a profound, learned, and brilliant piece of archaeological work. Profusely illustrated and richly annotated, the book is a treasure. As a companion to Schliemann's volumes and Percy Gardiner's writings this work is really indispensable.

Newdigate-Newdegate—Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts. By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. Longmans. \$2.50.

The book gives interesting glimpses of public, private, and social life in the time of Charles II., drawn from a collection of MS. news-letters sent from London to Sir Richard Newdigate in Warwickshire, and from a diary kept for many years by the baronet. The news-letters were a curious feature of the times. The censorship of the press was exceedingly strict, nothing being allowed to be printed to which the Court made any objection. The writers of the news-letters were professional scribes who picked up the social and political gossip in the coffee-rooms and elsewhere, and sent reports of it to regular subscribers or patrons in the country, manipulating and coloring the items to render them acceptable to Whig or Tory recipients. Those cited in the book date from 1675 to 1712, and, together with the extracts from the diary, contain much curious and entertaining matter, such as does not to any considerable extent get into the formal histories of the period. It is a vivid picture of the every-day occurrences of the time, and a really valuable contribution to historical literature.

Terry—A History of England. By Benjamin Terry, Ph.D. Scott, Foresman & Co. \$1.50.

A stout volume of about eleven hundred pages in which the author, who is a professor in the Chicago University, aims to "present in a simple and connected story the record of the founding, unfolding, and expansion of Eng-

lish nationality." He endeavors also to "impart some life to events described," to make popular institutions appear, "not as mere abstractions but as human things," and the great personages of history "not as the characters of an algebraic formula, but as actual men and women"; and the plan seems on the whole to be well carried out. The book is abundantly supplied with maps of Britain at various periods, and also of Continental Europe, India, and South Africa, with plans of the more important battles in which the English were engaged. Many genealogical and other tables are likewise included, and an exhaustive index of thirty double-columned pages is appended. The history is brought down to the death of Queen Victoria.

MISCELLANEOUS

Barnard—South Africa a Century Ago. Letters Written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801) by the Lady Anne Barnard, edited with a memoir and brief notes by W. H. Wilkins. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50 net.

One will have plenty of time to read about South Africa before the war is over, and here is a book worth reading at any time. It consists of letters written from the Cape of Good Hope (1797-1801) by the Lady Anne Barnard, wife of the first secretary of Cape Colony, to her intimate friend, and to the Secretary of State, Lord Melville, who had been chiefly responsible for the annexation of Cape Colony by the English. Lord Macartney was the first governor, but was unaccompanied by Lady Macartney, so that Mrs. Barnard, this elegant letter-writer, was also the first lady in the colony. Her important duty—reversing the methods of the old East India Company—was to conciliate the Dutch as much as possible and to write freely to England about everything that occurred. Here we have vivid descriptions, shrewd observations, witty comment, and wise suggestions. The problems, already a hundred years old, still press for solution, with the same difficulties and mistakes mutually made, but here we see how they looked a century ago. By birth named Lindsay, the Lady Anne was one of the best-known figures in the literary world of her day, and author of the ever-popular ballad, "Auld Robin Gray." Very properly, there is prefixed by W. H. Wilkins a memoir of this brilliant woman. Her portrait shows a very winsome creature. By her gracious presence at the dinners and balls by which she united Dutch and English as mutual friends, she promoted peace and friendship in the towns, made journeys through the country, seeing the tall men, the stout women, and the fat babies of a scant and scattered population, where tooth-brushes were rare. Many Boers refused to take the oath of allegiance and were deported to Batavia, and, in spite of all the English tried to do, the Dutchmen preferred and hoped for French rule. We have portraits in words of men now invisible or shadows, and others whose fame rises with the years. The

last letter is dated February 16, 1801, when the Cape of Good Hope was ceded to the Dutch. This volume worthily belongs to the noble literature of correspondence, for which the 18th is more famous than the 19th century.

Bayles—Woman and the Law. By George J. Bayles, Ph.D. The Century Co. \$1.40 *nett.*

The author of this book is "Prize Lecturer in the School of Political Science" in Columbia University. He knows too much of legal science to pretend to teach every woman to dispense with legal aid and advice, or to furnish in the compass of a small book an exhaustive analysis of his subject for the practising lawyer, man or woman. His aim is simply to give "a general view of the legal condition of the women of the United States at the present time." He divides his matter into three parts: domestic relations, which are of the greatest importance to every woman; property relations; and public relations, or "the political status of women in the modern state." All are discussed in detail in a manner that strikes the non-professional critic as at once clear and sensible, and likely to be of practical service to women. Professor I. F. Russell, of the Columbia Law School, contributes an introduction, in which he commends the study of law to woman, "not to enable her to be her own lawyer, but to qualify her to appreciate and act upon legal counsel understandingly," and to fit her for "the duties of executor, guardian, and trustee, as well as for the responsibilities of the ownership of lands or the stocks and bonds of incorporated companies."

Book-Prices Current. Index to the First Ten Volumes (1887-96). London: Elliot Stock. 1 guinea *nett.*

If a book were to be reviewed at a length proportioned to the work involved in writing it, the notice of this Index would be longer than any other in this month's CRITIC. One can but vaguely guess what it has meant, not merely to collate the ten volumes of "Book-Prices Current," but to make this Index afresh from the contents of those volumes. For these 944 columns of small type deal with 33,000 titles, involving half a million numbers. Different editions of the same book are carefully distinguished, and in every way the possession of this volume reduces to a minimum the task of learning how the prices of rare books varied during the decade in question.

Friendship. San Francisco: Elder & Shepard. \$1.25.

A pretty little sixteen-page pamphlet, made up of sayings about friendship by ancient and modern writers, most of the poetical extracts being printed as prose.

Harrison—Views of an ex-President. By Benjamin Harrison, compiled by Mary Lord Harrison. The Bowen-Merrill Co. \$3.00, *nett.*

This is a compilation of President Harrison's

addresses and essays on various subjects of public interest, written since his retirement from public life. The question so often asked, "What shall we do with our ex-presidents?" has been satisfactorily answered by Mr. Harrison's last years. If such a man, as often happens, retires into private life, and does not use his valuable experience, and presumably high intelligence in moulding public opinion, there is unquestionably a grievous injury done to society. Not that the American people wants to see its ex-presidents mixed up in party intrigues and in the sordid process of mere vote-getting, but it welcomes the opinions of its former chief on the broader political questions of the day. Unquestionably, Harrison stood much higher in the regard of all the day he died, than when he left the White House. This was so because, in a dignified manner, as occasions demanded, he used his knowledge in behalf of what he considered to be the best interests of his country. This volume, containing as it does his writings during this period, is hence very welcome.

The most important work in this compilation are the famous six lectures, on the constitutional history of our country, delivered at Stanford University. Though the student will find nothing new in these lectures, either in facts or in view-points, they are in many respects, both from a literary and from an historical standpoint, the best short account of the formation of the Constitution that we have. Less permanent in value is the well-known paper on "The Status of Annexed Territories," that vehement and well-reasoned protest against the new and revolutionary interpretation of the Constitution rendered inevitable by the Spanish War. In the "Musings on Current Topics" Harrison appears as a delightful though serious essayist. In fact there is a marked literary charm in all his writings, which attracts whether or not we agree with the views expressed. His opinions are too well known, and his intellectual attainments have been too often analyzed, to require discussion here. It is, however, necessary to point out that the note of provincialism, which mars an otherwise well-rounded intellect, appears more marked on reading these papers in their permanent shape than it did in their first and more ephemeral form. While President Harrison did not believe in the maxim, "our country, right or wrong," he had an unfortunate tendency to look upon his country with too loving and too uncritical eyes. Conversely he was prone to misjudge foreign countries, and to put them on a lower moral plane than the United States. While deprecating it in others, he himself was not free from false patriotism.

Hollander—The Mental Functions of the Brain.

An Investigation into their Localization and their Manifestation in Health and in Disease. By Bernard Hollander, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Illustrated with the Clinical Records of 800 Cases of Localized Brain Derangements, and with several Plates. Putnam. \$3.50.

A work of this sort demands extended description in medical journals. All that we can do is to call it to the attention of our readers, whether medical or lay. Dr. Hollander's methods are scientific when he reopens the case. This work is a new scientific basis for phrenology. He has on hand the data. The prejudiced and narrow-minded will, at this announcement, immediately condemn the book, determining never to look at it. Lamentable is the *odium theologicum*, but in these days it shines as charity contrasted with the *odium scientificum*, if that phrase be allowed us.

However, apart from the phrenological bearing of Dr. Hollander's array of cases, there is also the important value that such inductions have for the general practising physician as well as for the professional alienist. Therefore, from any point of view, this work is important to the medical profession as well as to anyone who desires to learn scientific rules for forming some estimate of his fellows by looking at them.

Karnice-Karnicki—Vie ou Mort. By Michel de Karnice-Karnicki. Paris. Imported by Meyer Bros., New York.

The disquisition of M. Karnice-Karnicki is upon premature burial. He first shows the difficulty, if not impossibility, of distinguishing between death and trance, then gives his reasons for supposing that the consignment of the living to the grave is frequent. Following upon that is the account of the author's device to secure absolute immunity from being buried alive. Could this device come into general use, there would be a relief for many who go all their days in fear of being entombed alive and then of awaking to the horror and agony of consciousness in a coffin six feet under the ground.

Lincoln—Passages from His Speeches and Letters. With an Introduction by Richard Watson Gilder. (Thumbnail Series.) Century Co. \$1.00.

Abraham Lincoln was a master of the English tongue, but the bulk of his collected writings—largely official—repels the general reader, and comparatively few Americans are well acquainted with any of his productions, except the ever-memorable little speech at Gettysburg. This little collection of some of his more notable utterances will serve a double purpose, inculcating patriotism at the same time that it affords excellent models of English composition. The introduction notes "a pleasing cadence" in the President's prose, and commends his good sense in not persisting in his early attempts at verse-writing.

Newcomb—The Stars, A Study of the Universe. By Simon Newcomb. Illustrated. Putnam. \$2.00.

This contribution to "The Science Series" is most valuable. The astronomy of the fixed stars could hardly be cast in a simple form, but the work is fairly intelligible to any serious reader who is not a specialist. It is full of

curious matters, and illustrated with cuts and photographs.

Phelps—Orations and Essays of Edward John Phelps. Edited by J. G. McCullough. Harper. \$3.50.

Men of the type of Phelps, the lawyer, diplomat, teacher, and orator, are becoming every year rarer. The well-educated man is not being produced by the present educational system. Specialization seems to have as its concomitant evil, narrowness. Phelps distinctively belonged to the past generation, not alone in his culture, but in his political and juristic views. He was an idealist, a believer in natural law and in natural rights, and a firm adherent of the old political school, which made a fetish of democracy. We can imagine how bitterly he would have arraigned the recent decisions of the Supreme Court. Rational materialism and opportunism were absolutely repugnant to him.

The present collection of orations and essays form a fitting memorial to a man not great, but very worthy, for Phelps was always a healthy, and at times even a potent, influence in the community. The orations are all contemporaneous, and are consequently too vague to be good reading. The essays—only five in all—are of great interest, the most valuable being that on the Bering Sea controversy.

Singleton—Romantic Castles and Palaces, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd. \$1.60, net.

The buildings considered (each illustrated by a good full-page reproduction of photography) are forty-eight in number, twenty of which are in the British Isles, nine in France, six in Italy (including one in Sicily), three in Spain, two in Germany; and the rest in Switzerland, Denmark, Russia, Turkey, China, and Japan. Among the writers are Scott, Leigh Hunt, J. A. Symonds, R. L. Stevenson, Hawthorne, Gautier, Dumas, De Amicis, Pierre Loti, with others of less note. Warwick Castle is described by Lady Warwick, and Glamis by Lady Glamis. Ten of the buildings (including the Ducal Palace at Venice and Kronborg Castle in Denmark) are connected with the plays of Shakespeare. The historical and biographical information is generally accurate; but we notice an occasional slip. The editor, for instance, in her preface refers to Warwick Castle as having "lasted unchanged from the time of William the Conqueror," while Lady Warwick states more correctly that the oldest part of the present structure is of the fourteenth century, and that of the earlier fortress "not one stone is left upon another," and "the very site of it is pure guess-work." An index of historical and biographical allusions might well have been added.

Strong and Schafer—The Government of the American People. By Frank Strong and Joseph Schafer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 65 cents.

This text-book for grammar schools will un-

questionably be welcome to teachers, and deservedly so. It is well written, well arranged, and composed in a scholarly spirit. Two features in especial deserve mention. Institutions are not treated as lifeless, inexplicable phenomena; their connection with the past is clearly brought out, and stress is laid upon their organic character. Then a large amount of space, about one half the book, is devoted to local government,—to the county, township, city, and state. This is a departure of great importance, as few of us know enough about local government. Even the college graduate who knows the "Constitution" thoroughly will probably know little about the organization of the "Commonwealth" within which he is residing. We welcome this book as a step in the right direction.

Tallack—The Book of the Greenhouse. By J. C. Tallack, F.R.H.S. Lane. \$1.00.

The family Plant-Grower sat absorbed in a small green volume. "Is it good for anything?" asked the Critic politely. He had been waiting half an hour for the green volume—to complete his list of reviews. The family Plant-Grower looked up vaguely. "Good?" she repeated, absently, with a smile. "Oh, yes, it's good. It tells me just what I've always wanted to know about plants."—"Such as what?" suggested the Critic, notebook in hand. "Oh, about potting and watering and transplanting and soils and heat and shade. The man's a practical gardener." The Critic waited patiently. He is waiting still. She has returned to the printed page and is lost once more in the green volume. The Critic has had only a brief glance at its contents. But so far as he can judge from observation, it is a volume that no practical plant-grower will willingly be without.

Unger—With "Bobs" and Krüger. Experiences and Observations of an American War Correspondent in the Field with Both Armies. By Frederic William Unger. Coates & Co. \$2.00.

A belated but readable book by a correspondent of the London *Daily Express*, profusely illustrated from photographs taken by the author.

White—The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by L. C. Miall and W. Warde Fowler. Putnam. \$1.75.

The perennial delightfulness of Gilbert White's two books is known to the world. Generations will continue to read them. As to this particular edition, the notes are all one could wish. While intended for a popular, this is at the same time a scholarly, edition. We confidently commend it to our readers.

Yale-Pollak—The Century Book for Mothers. By Dr. Leroy M. Yale and Gustav Pollak. The Century Co. \$2.00, net.

The main strength of this "practical guide in the rearing of healthy children" lies in the hundreds of questions and answers of which it

is largely made up. These are actual questions that have been put, for years past, to the editors of *Babyhood*, so the authors—the former and the present editor of that magazine—have really had the collaboration of hundreds of mothers. If the book replaces the hitherto indispensable though discursive work of Dr. Pye Chavasse, and we have no doubt it will, it should rival in popularity the record-breaking novels. No nursery can afford to be without it.

POETRY AND VERSE

Adams—Sonnets and Songs. By Mary M. Adams. Putnam. \$1.25.

These songs and sonnets, by the author of "The Choir Visible," deal with a wide variety of themes. The poet's chief literary interest appears to be the works of that prince of poets and play-makers, "Shakespeare, the divine."

Bird—Ronald's Farewell, and Other Verses. By George Bird. Longmans. \$1.00.

The quality of these verses may be guessed from the fact that the author is a great admirer of the poetry of the present Laureate, to whom his book is modestly dedicated.

Bissonnette—Some Little Samples of Verse from Colorado. By Wesley Bissonnette. Bissonnette Printing Shop \$1.00.

Some of these "samples," indeed, for one instant encourage us to believe that we have found the quality of true poetry, as in the little song entitled, "The Recompense." But it is ours—and the poet's—sad fortune that in the next instant we should come upon the impossible, the exaggerated, the distempered—as, for instance, while we may be willing to see that

"Day's golden sheaf drops in the twilight gloom,"

we can in no wise credit that

"Green moonrise brings a herd of grassy stars."

Collins—Birds Uncaged, and Other Poems. By Burton L. Collins. The Abbey Press. \$1.00.

The publisher's note tells us that the author of this volume "manifested a taste for versification at a very tender age." The author modestly says of his own verses here collected,

"I dare to hope that 'mongst them there may be

Some that sing songs of heavenly melody."

And, still more modestly, disclaims:

"If such there are, no praise is justly mine,
I learned them of the Lyrist of the skies!"

Crowley—The Mothers' Tragedy. By Aleister Crowley. Privately printed.

The inspiration for this astounding volume would seem to have been drawn from potations of "rancid lees"; and its morbidity would seem to be past all medication. We shall not say that the verse, either as regards subject-matter or treatment, is Swinburnian;

but only that the author has caught suggestion from this eminent source, and has carried it to regions of deepest mire; in his own words,

"The old gods, indeed, go down to death,
But the new gods arise from utter rottenness."

Donaldson—Songs of my Violin. By Alfred L. Donaldson. Putnam. \$1.50.

These poems betray the heart of a musician, and to the extent that all musicians are poets the heart of a poet also. They will appeal more powerfully, however, to the lover of music than to the non-musical lover of poetry.

Gibson—Sonnets and Lyrics. By R. E. Lee Gibson. Louisville: Morton & Co. \$1.50.

There are some good things in this book, some bad, and some indifferent. With only the songs and sonnets to guide us, we should have said the author was a facile verse-maker; but he himself insists that he is a poet born, that his "voice is sweet with promise," and that he has been crowned with the laurel by command of the Muses. Far be it from us to differ with such authorities. The volume is dedicated "To the distinguished poet, Madison Cawein."

Shakespeare—Shakespeare's Songs. Shakespeare's Songs, with drawings by Henry Osipov. Lane. \$1.50.

It was a capital idea to collect the songs out of Shakespeare's plays, and the wonder is that there are so many. Like the book of Psalms, this is divided into five parts, and there are in all probably nearly two hundred songs. The book contains also an index of the first lines. Mr. Osipov has drawn illustrations which go finely and effectively with the tripping numbers and dainty conceits of the great bard. He has already illustrated Shakespeare's sonnets. While not remarkable for interpretation, every one of the eleven illustrations is bold, clean, thoroughly descriptive, withal strongly touching the imagination. Especially effective is the picture of "Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne," the little fellow being implored to "Cup us, till the world go round."

Way—Apollonius, The Tale of the Argonauts. By Apollonius of Rhodes. Translated by Arthur S. Way. Macmillan. 50 cents.

Mr. Way's translation is free, but it is spirited. The story is interesting to a lover of classical lore. It appears in the Temple Classics series, and the verses are so long as to give the page a crowded look.

RELIGION

Ballentine—The Modern American Bible.—S. Luke (Gospel—Acts). The Books of the Bible in Modern American Form and Phrase, with Notes and Introduction. By Rev. Frank Schell Ballentine. Whitaker. 50 cents.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes long ago remarked that "the Bible ought to be depolarized." Several efforts to that end have recently been

made, beginning with the "Revised Version." The results are useful, though it is probable that for various reasons people will continue for generations to prefer their King James' Version. The Rev. Mr. Ballentine succeeds in presenting a spirited translation, intelligible to the unlearned. The notes are homiletical and devotional rather than critical or interpretative. Mr. Ballentine's fault is that going so far as he does from traditional language, he goes not farther.

Birkeland—Light in Darkness ; or, Christianity and Paganism. Reminiscences from a Journey around the Globe. By K. B. Birkeland. Minnehaha Publishing Co. \$2.50.

This bulky volume, printed on inferior paper and illustrated with smudged "half-tones," contains the opinions of a young man who was ill equipped for a "globe trotter." He could not understand much that he saw, and was out of sympathy with almost everything. The part of his book possessing any value is his account of the myths, folk-lore, customs, and laws of the Santhals, a people of India. This account he got from the notes of the Reverend Mr. Skrefsrud, a Lutheran missionary, who had received it from Koleau, a wise man of the Santhal tribe.

Everett—Essays Theological and Literary. By C. C. Everett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.75.

It is not easy to speak in too strong terms of praise of these learned and brilliant essays. They are studies in the development and variations of religious thought in various forms of expression, dogmatic, philosophic, and literary.

Frank—The Doom of Dogma and the Dawn of Truth. By Henry Frank. Putnam. \$1.75.

Mr. Frank is certain that theological dogma is fast dying. He proposes to destroy what remains and to substitute a rational foundation for religious belief. His criticisms are severely frank, his destructive energy is more ingenious than his constructive power. He says some foolish things and some wise, but after all he has a message, though dogma be not doomed by him.

Great Religions of the World. By Eminent Authorities. Harper. \$2.00.

The contents of this volume are: "Confucianism in the Nineteenth Century," by Professor Giles, which is broad and calm in its temper, rather historical than philosophical; "Buddhism," by Rhys Davis, who has written so profusely upon the topic that every one knows by heart what he will say; "Mohammedanism in the Nineteenth Century," by Oskar Mann, who treats Islam as a political more than a religious force to be reckoned with; "Brahminism," by Sir A. C. Lyall, who describes the religion and philosophizes; "Zoroastrianism and the Parsis," a picturesque sketch by Menant; "Sikhism and the Sikhs," by Sir Lepel Griffin, who discusses the matter as might be expected, when an Indian army

officer writes of the fiercest fighters of the native troops; Frederic Harrison's chapter on "Positivism," which everyone knows beforehand, if he is familiar with Mr. Frederic Harrison's writings on Positivism; "Babism," by Professor Ross, which is a religious movement not so generally known as the others treated in this book; "Jews and Judaism in the Nineteenth Century," by the Rabbi Gastur, who is a kind of Zionist; the "Outlook for Christianity," by Dr. Washington Gladden, which is disappointing, as likewise is "Catholic Christianity," by Cardinal Gibbons. The reader may from this infer the character of this book.

Krauskopf—A Rabbi's Impressions of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play. By Israel Krauskopf. Stern. \$1.25.

The author, however liberal his opinions, could not be expected to view with approval the last relic of a mediæval mystery play. It aroused his ire and brought forth again the stock objections which the Jews have always urged against the Gospel Narrative. The substance of these objections is that what annoys them is not true, and what they like may be found in the Talmud. Yes, but when was the Talmud written? Rabbi Krauskopf is brilliant, and this work is addressed especially to Jews.

Pierson—The Modern Mission Century Viewed as a Cycle of Divine Working. By Arthur T. Pierson. Baker & Taylor Co. \$1.50.

Pierson—The Miracles of Missions. Fourth Series. By Arthur T. Pierson. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 90 cents.

The titles of these books sufficiently denote their contents. Though somewhat contracted in his sympathies, Dr. Pierson, by making a special study of the topic, has arrayed much material. He is too diffuse.

TRAVEL

Bradley—Highways and Byways of the Lake District. By A. G. Bradley. With illustrations by Joseph Pennell. Macmillan. \$2.00.

This is an entertaining, though somewhat random and incomplete account of the Lake District. The author remarks at the end of his first chapter: "I shall be told, I know, of the places I have passed unnoticed, even in this short round. . . . But it is my privilege to go where fancy leads me and linger where I like; and having thus weakly made rejoinder to a possible but unreasonable complaint, I shall make no more." Later, however, he seems to feel that he ought to have covered the whole extent of the Lake District with his ramblings, and in his closing pages apologizes for not having said anything of the Duddon and Furness country, as he had "fully intended." To the south, in fact, he goes only half-way down Lake Windermere; to the north, on the other hand, he not only goes out of the Lake District entirely for a long visit to Carlisle, but actually crosses thence into Scotland to Gretna Green. The historical and literary associations of the region are agreeably

treated, though in a similar erratic way. Christopher North, Wordsworth, Southey, De Quincey, and many less known local writers get ample attention, but others more or less intimately associated with the same neighborhoods are barely mentioned, if at all. Mr. Pennell's illustrations are not in general up to his usual standard, though sometimes excellent.

Brooks—First across the Continent. By Noah Brooks. Scribner. \$1.50.

The story of the exploring expedition of Lewis and Clark in 1803-5 is extremely interesting. They were the first white men to cross this continent between the regions occupied by the Spanish and the English, and to explore the valleys of the upper Missouri, the Yellowstone, and the Columbia. The first authoritative narrative of the expedition was not published until 1814. The story has been told often since then, and sometimes in costly and elaborate works, but these are now out of print or obtainable only with great difficulty and expense. Mr. Brooks has done well in preparing the present book, in which we have the narrative as fully as possible in the language of the explorers themselves. It cannot fail to be welcomed to many readers, especially the younger generation, who will become acquainted with it for the first time. It is illustrated with portraits of Lewis and Clark from the originals in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, many drawings by Catlin, some from Clark's original survey, and others by Seton-Thompson. A map of the explorer's route is appended.

Burroughs—Harriman Alaska Expedition. By John Burroughs, John Muir, and others. 2 vols. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$15.00, net.

To charter a steamer for a visit to that sub-Arctic wonderland whose purchase marked the first step in American expansion beyond the limits of what is now the United States, is a thing that anyone might dream of doing, though none but a millionaire could make the dream come true. Such a project entered the mind of Mr. Edward H. Harriman; and when he found that the safety and comfort of his family and intimate friends called for a larger ship than they could fully occupy, he took counsel with expert advisers, and selected a group of scientists eminent in their several specialties, and invited them to become his guests on a holiday trip to be made on ideal conditions.

Mr. Burroughs went along as chief chronicler of the expedition—the one man best qualified to tell the story with scientific accuracy and literary charm. John Muir was there to study and describe the glaciers—and who so competent to deal with those prehistoric monsters? Professor Brewer of Yale talks about the weather, and Professor Fernow of Cornell betrays the secrets of the trees. George Bird Grinnell, who knows the American aborigines like a book, writes of the Indians and Eskimo. Professor Dall, the paleontologist, needed no

urging to revisit his favorite stamping-ground. Besides these and other noted experts, the ship carried two photographers, two stenographers, a physician, with an assistant and a trained nurse, a shepherd and a flock of sheep, beef on the hoof, turkeys, chickens, a milch cow and a span of horses, camp equipment, cameras, steam and naphtha launches—pretty much everything, indeed, except an automobile and a stock-ticker. Two whole months were spent in botanizing, "bug"-hunting, studying the glaciers and the natives, taking photographs (five thousand of them), seeing sights and listening to legends, learning about the Klondike, making a two-hours' visit to our next-door neighbor, Siberia, and coming back to Seattle and civilization without an accident of any sort, and with three tons of coal left unburnt in the bunkers. Big-game hunting had been one of the original objects of the trip, but it was almost wholly abandoned to accommodate the scientific pursuits it would have interfered with. Mr. Harriman was so fortunate, however, as to bag a Kadiak bear, and to discover a hitherto unknown glacier, which was very properly named in his honor. The record of the trip, edited by C. Hart Merriam, is in every way a worthy one, abounding in information, teeming with colored plates, photogravures, pen-and-ink drawings and maps, and printed and bound in a fittingly simple but handsome form, and at a reasonable price, though too high a one to admit of its reaching any but the well-to-do.

Dwight—Constantinople and its Problems. By Henry Otis Dwight, LL.D. Revell. \$1.25.

This is a work of intense interest, by a master hand, fascinating in style, skilful in grouping of subjects, showing on every page thorough knowledge, keen penetration, warm sympathy, and judicial balance of mind. Dr. Dwight has lived many years in the city which is the centre of the world. He is under the spell of its beauty, while awake to the dangers and prospects that make thrilling the life of a resident Western man in Constantinople, despite Mohammedan monotony. Unfulfilled promises of strength are characteristic of Islam, and the city of the golden horn furnishes many illustrations of this truth. He reveals to us the strength and the weakness of the religion, whose highest earthly representative is the Sultan. The author knows well the power of the Turkish woman, also her charms, her tongue and its uses, her ignorance and heathenism, and her influence over men, but he knows also what education will do for her. He has little faith in the power of merely commercial civilization to elevate, believing it to be a vain hope that civilization alone will lift the people to a better life. He pictures the schools and school teachers, and his words have such light and color that we see these as if we were there. Dr. Dwight believes in reviving the spirit and influence, if not the form, of the ancient book-writer's guild in Constantinople, and is happy over the awakened taste of the Turkish people for reading. Those who enjoyed, during the Russo-Turkish war and occasionally later, the sparkling letters in the *Tribune* from Constantinople, will recognize in this book the same master hand which lays open before us the throbbing heart of Turkey.

Library Reports on Popular Books

The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of THE CRITIC by the librarians of the libraries mentioned, or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most-called-for novel is admitted to the list.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mercantile Library. W. T. PEOPLES, Librarian.

Mexico as I Saw It. Tweedie. (Macmillan, \$5.00.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Real Latin Quarter of Paris. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.20.)

Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)

On the Great Highway. Creelman. (Lothrop, \$1.20.)

The Life of James Russell Lowell. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.50.)

Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

Victorian Prose Masters. Brownell. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Essays and Addresses. Birrell. (Scribner, \$1.00 net.)

Most Popular Novel.

Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y.

Society Library. F. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)

- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Queen's Comrade. Molloy. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 2 vols., \$6.50.)
 Alaska Expedition. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)
 Private Life of the Sultan. Dorys. (Appleton, \$1.20.)
 Elizabeth, Empress of Austria. Tschudi. (Dutton, \$3.00.)
 Our Houseboat on the Nile. Bacon. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.75.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Love of an Uncrowned Queen. Wilkins. (Stone, 2 vols., \$7.50.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Velvet Glove. Merriman. (Dodd, Mead Co., \$1.50.)

Mechanics' Institute Library. H. W. PARKER, Librarian.

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 China and Allies. Savage-Landor. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Views of an Ex-President. Harrison. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$3.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 With "Bobs" and Krüger. Unger. (Coates, \$2.00.)
 Alaska. Harriman. (Doubleday, Page & Co., 2 vols., \$15.00.)
 "Twixt Sirdar and Menelik. Wellby. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 The Desert. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

Most Popular Novels.

- The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Pratt Institute Free Library. M. W. PLUMMER, Librarian.

- The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Talks to Teachers. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

- Through Nature to God. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Brooklyn Public Library. FRANK P. HILL, Librarian.

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Evolution of Immortality. McConnell. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)
 The World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Old-Fashioned Roses. Riley. (Longmans, \$1.75.)
 How to Tell a Story. Clemens. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)
 Literary Friends and Acquaintances. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Stage Reminiscences of Mrs. Gilbert. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- D'ri and I. Bachelier. (Lothrop & Co., \$1.50.)

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Bridgeport Public Library. AGNES HILLS, Librarian.

- The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)
 The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
 Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

East London. Besant. (Century Co., \$3.50.)
Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Buffalo Public Library. H. L. ELMENDORF,
Librarian.

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)
A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
Heroines of Fiction. Howells. (Harper, 2 vols., \$3.75.)
Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

Chicago Public Library. FRED'K H. HILD,
Librarian.

Innocents Abroad. Clemens. (American Pub. Co., \$3.50.)
White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, \$12.00.)
Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
Coffin's American histories.
History of the United States Navy, vol. iii. Maclay. (Appleton, \$3.00.)
The Spanish-American War. Alger. (Harper, \$2.50.)
Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
Language of the Hand. Cheiro. Author. (\$2.50.)
The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Public Library. WM. H. BRETT, *Librarian.*
Story of Nineteenth Century Science. Williams. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Some Ill Used Words. Ayres (Appleton, \$1.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Social Control. Ross. (Macmillan, \$1.25.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Wilderness Ways. Long. (Ginn & Co., 75 cents.)

Pilgrims and Puritans. Tiffany. (Ginn & Co., 40 cents.)

Indians of New England. Burton. (Morse, 75 cents.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

DETROIT, MICH.

Detroit Public Library. HENRY M. UTLEY,
Librarian.

The Spanish-American War. Alger. (Harper \$2.50.)

Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)

Life on the Stage. Morris. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Benefactress. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The True Thomas Jefferson. Curtis. (Lippincott, \$2.50.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Etiquette for all Occasions. Kingsland. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

The World of Graft. Flynt. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.25.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

HELENA, MONT.

Helena Public Library. MARY C. GARDNER,
Acting Librarian.

Hiawatha Primer. Holbrook. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75 cents.)

Stories of Colonial Children. Pratt. (Educational Publishing Co., 40 cents.)

Talks to Teachers on Psychology. James. (Holt, \$1.50.)

- A Woman Tenderfoot. Seton - Thompson. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)
 Civics of Montana. Davies. (Calkins.)
 Yellow Fairy Book. Lang. (Burt, \$1.00.)
 First Book in Geology. Shaler. (Heath, \$1.00.)
 What All the World's a-Seeking. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)
 Methods and Aids in Geography. King. (Lee and Shepard, \$1.25.)
 School and Society. Dewey. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Jersey City Free Public Library. ESTHER E. BURDICK, *Librarian.*

- The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton - Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 First across the Continent. Brooks. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Lore of Cathay. Martin. (Revell, \$2.75.)
 In the Beginning. Guibert. (Benziger, \$2.25.)
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Books on the Opera.
Most Popular Novel.
 The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

Public Library. CARRIE WESTLAKE WHITNEY, *Librarian.*

- The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)
 Eccentricities of Genius. Pond. (Dillingham, \$3.50.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Outlines of Sociology. Ward. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)
 Napoleon: The Last Phase. Rosebery. (Harper, \$3.00.)
 Empress of France. Guerber. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.50.)
 Diary of the Siege of the Legations at Peking. Oliphant. (Longmans, \$1.50.)
 Stars of the Opera. Wagnalls. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.50.)

- Standard Opera Glass. Annesley. (Brentano, \$1.50.)
 Mikado's Empire. Griffis. (Harper, \$4.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Los Angeles Public Library. M. L. JONES, *Librarian.*

- A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Works of Theodore Roosevelt. (Putnam, 8 vols., \$20.00.)
 Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 Fiske's Works. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Public Library. J. K. HOSMER, *Librarian.*

- Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 The Individual. Shaler. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$1.50.)
 Hunting Trips of a Ranchman. Roosevelt. (Putnam, \$3.00.)
 The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols. \$4.00.)
 The Autobiography of a Journalist. Stillman. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$6.00.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 Oriental Rugs. Mumford. (Scribner, \$7.50.)
 The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 The Life of John Ruskin. Collingwood. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$5.00.)
Most Popular Novel.
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Mercantile Library. J. EDMANDS, *Librarian.*

- The Cavaller. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)
 The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 D'ri and I. Bacheller. (Lothrop, \$1.50.)

In Search of Mademoiselle. Gibbs. (Coates, \$1.50.)

The Helmet of Navarre. Runkle. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Tristram of Blent. Hope. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Blennerhassett. Pidgin. (Clark, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Circumstances. Mitchell. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Free Public Library. ANNIE E. CHAPMAN, *Librarian.*

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Her Royal Highness Woman. O'Rell. (Abbey Press, \$1.50.)

Spiritual Consciousness. Sprague. (Lee & Shepard, \$1.50.)

Sands of Sahara. Summerville. (Lippincott, \$2.00.)

How to Study Shakespeare. Fleming. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$2.00.)

Home Economics. Parloa. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Arnold's Expedition to Quebec. Codman. (Macmillan, \$2.40.)

Seven Great American Poets. Hart. (Silver, Burdette & Co., \$1.00.)

Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

Lazarre. Catherwood. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Public Library. GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian.*

Stories of Operas.

The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson. Balfour. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00 net.)

The Strenuous Life. Roosevelt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

Japanese Miscellany. Hearn. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.60.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.40.)

Five Years of My Life. Dreyfus. (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

City Library Association. JOHN C. DANA, *Librarian.*

The Life Everlasting. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

The Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead, & Co. \$1.40.)

American Traits. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.60.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Asia and Europe. Townsend. (Putnam, \$2.50.)

The Making of an American. Riis. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)

The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Cavalier. Cable. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Public Library. HELEN J. MCCAINE, *Librarian.*

The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)

A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)

Civilization during the Middle Ages. Adams. (Scribner, \$2.50.)

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)

In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell, \$1.25.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

Literary Friends and Acquaintance. Howells. (Harper, \$2.50.)

L'Aiglon. Rostand. (Russell, \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Syracuse Public Library. EZEKIEL W. MUNDY, *Librarian.*

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 The Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Alice of Old Vincennes. Thompson. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 Truth Dexter. McCall. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Right of Way. Parker. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Cardigan. Chambers. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 Psychology of Attention. Ribot. (Open Court Pub. Co., 75 cents.)
 White Cross Library. Mulford. (Needham, \$12.00.)
 A Tory Lover. Jewett. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Puppet Crown. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill Co., \$1.50.)

TORONTO, CANADA.

Toronto Public Library. JAMES BAIN, JR., *Librarian.*

- Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 With "Bobs" and Krüger. Unger. (Coates & Co., \$2.00.)
 Alfred Tennyson. Lang. (Blackwood, 2s. 6d.)
 Alexandra, Our Gracious Queen. Fleming. (Skeffington, 1s. 6d.)
 A Day with a Tramp. Wyckoff. (Scribner, \$1.00.)
 A Retrospect of the South African War. May. (Sampson, Low, Marston & Co.)

- A Year in a Yawl. Doubleday. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25.)
 Garden of a Commuter's Wife. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)
 Madame Roland. Edited by Johnson. (Richards, 6s.)
 Gail Hamilton. Dodge. (Lee & Shepard, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Most Popular Novels.

- The Right of Way. Parker. (Capp, Clark Co., \$1.50.)
 Kim. Kipling. (Morang, \$1.50.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

Free Public Library. SAMUEL S. GREEN, *Librarian.*

- The Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)
 Tribulations of a Princess. (Harper, \$2.25.)
 Up from Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)
 The Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley. Huxley. (Appleton & Co., 2 vols., \$5.00.)
 A Sailor's Log. Evans. (Appleton, \$2.00.)
 Private Life of the Sultan. Dorys. (Appleton, \$1.20.)
 The Riddle of the Universe. Haeckel. (Harper, \$1.50.)
 The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks. Allen. (Dutton, 3 vols., \$8.00.)
 Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.)
 Lives of the Hunted. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.75.)
 The Butterfly Book. Holland. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.)

Most Popular Novel.

- The Crisis. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)



